

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Written by

Dr. *THOMAS PARNELL*,

L A T E

Arch-Deacon of Clogher:

A N D

PUBLISHED *by Mr. POPE.*

Dignum laude Virum Musa vetat mori.

Hor.

The SIXTH EDITION with Additions.



D U B L I N :

Printed by R. REILLY on *Cork-Hill*,
For R. GUNNE, and R. OWEN, Bookfellers.

M, DCC, XXXV.

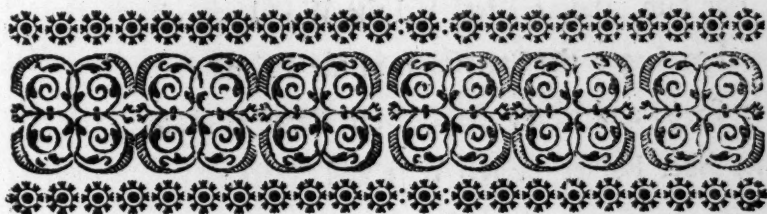


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TO THE
Right HONOURABLE,
ROBERT,
Earl of OXFORD
AND
Earl MORTIMER.



UCH were the Notes, thy once-lov'd
Poet sung,
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful
Tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and
mourn'd!

With softest Manners, gentlest Arts, adorn'd!
Blest in each Science, blest in ev'ry Strain!
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear—— in vain!

A

For

DEDICATION.

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend :
For *Swift* and Him, despis'd the Farce of State,
The sober Follies of the Wise and Great ;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning Crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a Friend be dear,
(A Sigh the Absent claims, the Dead a Tear)
Recall those Nights that clos'd thy toilsom Days,
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living Lays :
Who careless, now, of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was Great ;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And sure if ought below the Seats Divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine :
A Soul supreme, in each hard Instance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Anger, and all Pride,
The Rage of Pow'r, the Blast of publick Breath,
The Lust of Lucre, and the Dread of Death.

In vain to Desarts thy Retreat is made ;
The Muse attends thee to the silent Shade :
'Tis hers, the brave Man's latest Steps to trace,
Re-judge his Acts, and dignify Disgrace,

When

DEDICATION.

When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking Train,
When all th' Oblig'd desert, and all the Vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,
When the last ling'ring Friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy Evening Walk with Bays,
(No Hireling she, no Prostitute to Praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting Ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy Various Day,
Thro' Fortune's Cloud One truly Great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is He.

Sept. 25.
1721.

A. P O P E.







H E S I O D:
O R, T H E
R I S E of *W O M A N.*



H A T antient Times (those Times we
fancy wife)

Have left on long Record of *Woman's*
Rise,

What Mortals teach it, and what Fables hide,
What Author wrote it, how that Author dy'd,
All these I sing. In *Greece* they fram'd the Tale;
(In *Greece*, 'twas thought, a *Woman* might be frail)
Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew
His softest Pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens, beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The Case was *Hesiod's*; he the Fable writ;
Some think with Meaning, some with idle Wit:

2 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please ;
I wave the Contest, and commence the Lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas e're the low Creation swarm'd with Men)
That one *Prometheus*, sprung of heav'nly Birth,
(Our Author's Song can witness) liv'd on Earth.
He carv'd the Turf to mold a manly Frame,
And stole from *Jove* his animating Flame.
The sly Contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

Oh vers'd in Arts ! whose daring Thoughts aspire
To kindle Clay with never-dying Fire !
Enjoy thy Glory past, That Gift was thine ;
The next thy Creature meets, be fairly mine :
And such a Gift, a Vengeance so design'd,
As suits the Counsel of a God to find ;
A pleasing Bosom-cheat, a specious Ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and *Vulcan* strait the Sire commands,
To temper Mortar with etherial Hands ;
In such a Shape to mold a rising Fair,
As Virgin-goddeses are proud to wear ;
To make her Eyes with Diamond-water shine,
And form her Organs for a Voice divine,

'Twas



'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Pow'r obey'd ;
 And work'd, and wonder'd at the Work he made ;
 The fairest, softest, sweetest Frame beneath,
 Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As *Vulcan* ends, the chearful *Queen of Charms*
 Clasp'd the new-panting Creature in her Arms ;
 From that Embrace a fine Complexion spread,
 Where mingled Whiteness glow'd with softer red.
 Then in a Kiss she breath'd her various Arts,
 Of trifling prettily with wounded Hearts ;
 A Mind for Love, but still a changing Mind ;
 The Lips affected, and the Glance design'd ;
 The sweet confusing Blush, the secret Wink,
 The gentle-swimming Walk, the courteous Sink,
 The Stare for Strangeness fit, for Scorn the Frown,
 For decent yielding Looks declining down,
 The practis'd Languish, where well-feign'd Desire
 Wou'd own its melting in a mutual Fire ;
 Gay Smiles to comfort ; *April* Show'rs to move ;
 And all the Nature, all the Art, of Love.

Gold-scepter'd *Juno* next exalts the Fair ;
 Her Touch endows her with imperious Air,
 Self-valuing Fancy, highly-crested Pride,
 Strong sov'reign Will, and *some* Desire to chide :
 For which, an Eloquence, that aims to vex,
 With native Tropes of Anger, arms the Sex.

Minerva (skillful Goddess) train'd the Maid
 To twirl the Spindle by the twisting Thread,
 To fix the Loom, instruct the Reeds to part,
 Cross the long Web, and close the Web with Art,
 An useful Gift ; but what profuse Expence,
 What world of Fashions, took its Rise from hence !

Young *Hermes* next, a close-contriving God,
 Her Brows encircled with his Serpent Rod :
 Then Plots and fair Excuses, fill'd her Brain,
 The Views of breaking am'rous Vows for Gain,
 The Price of Favours ; the designing Arts
 That aim at Riches in Contempt of Hearts ;
 And for a Comfort in the Marriage Life,
 The little, pilf'ring Temper of a *Wife*.

Full on the Fair his Beams *Apollo* flung,
 And fond Persuasion tip'd her easy Tongue ;
 He gave her Words, where oily Flatt'ry lays
 The pleasing Colours of the Art of Praise ;
 And Wit, to Scandal exquisitely prone,
 Which frets another's Spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred *Virgins* whom the Bards revere,
 Tun'd all her Voice, and shed a Sweetness there,
 To make her Sense with double Charms abound,
 Or make her lively Nonsense please by Sound.

- To dress the Maid, the decent *Graces* brought
A Robe in all the Dies of Beauty wrought,
And plac'd their Boxes o'er a rich Brocade
Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry cover plaid;
Then spread those Implements that *Vulcan's* Art
Had fram'd to merit *Cytherea's* Heart;
The Wire to curl, the close-indent'd Comb
To call the Locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the Mirrour, where the ravish'd Maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected Shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her Stores, the purpled *Hours*
Confin'd her Tresses with a Wreath of Flow'rs;
Within the Wreath arose a radiant Crown;
A Veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure Veil with Serpent fold,
The purpled Border deck'd the Floor with Gold.
Her Robe (which closely by the Girdle brac't
Reveal'd the Beauties of a slender Waste)
Flow'd to the Feet; to copy *Venus* Air,
When *Venus's* Statues have a Robe to wear.

The new sprung Creature finish'd thus for Harms,
Adjusts her Habit, practises her Charms,
With Blushes glows, or shines with lively Smiles,
Confirms her Will, or recollects her Wiles:

6 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Then conscious of her Worth, with easy Pace
Glides by the Glass, and turning views her Face.

A finer Flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep Cave, the *Sister Fates* explore,
Then fix the Loom, their Fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their Toil prophetick Songs deceive.

Flow from the Rock my Flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy Thread; the Spindle runs below.
A Creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The Creature *Woman*, rises now to reign.
New Beauty blooms, a Beauty form'd to fly;
New Love begins, a Love produc'd to dye;
New Parts distress the troubled Scenes of Life,
The fondling Mistress, and the ruling Wife.

Men, born to Labour, all with Pains provide;
Women have Time, to sacrifice to Pride:
They want the Care of Man, their Want they know,
And dress to please with Heart-alluring Show,
The Show prevailing, for the Sway contend,
And make a Servant where they meet a Friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected Forts
A loitering Race the painful Bee supports,
From Sun to Sun, from Bank to Bank he flies,
With Honey loads his Bag, with Wax his Thighs,;

Fly

Fly where he will, at home the Race remain,
Prune the silk Drefs, and murm'ring eat the Gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle Bride,
Whose Temper betters by the Father's Side ;
Unlike the rest that double human Care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :
Happy the Man whom thus his Stars advance !
The Curse is gen'ral, but the Blessing Chance.

Thus sung the *Sisters*, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous Creature, made for Man in Ire ;
The young *Pandora* she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her End :
Then bid the Winds that fly to breath the Spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle Wing ;
With wafting Airs the Winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining Vengeance safe below.
A golden Coffer in her Hand she bore,
(The Present treach'rous, but the Bearer more)
'Twas fraught with Pangs ; for *Jove* ordain'd above,
That Gold shou'd aid, and Pangs attend on Love.

Her gay Descent the Man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling Star ;
But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.

8 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

O'er all his Veins the wand'ring Passion burns,
 He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns.
 Her Form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
 Or swears that *Venus's* must be such as hers.
 She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
 Neglects his Offers while her Airs she plays,
 Shoots scornful Glances from the bended Frown,
 In brisk Disorder trips it up and down,
 Then hums a careless Tune to lay the Storm,
 And fits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in *Form*.

“ Now take what *Jove* design'd (she softly cry'd);
 “ This box thy Portion, and my self thy Bride:”
 Fir'd with the Prospect of the double Charms,
 He snatch'd the Box, and Bride, with eager Arms.

Unhappy Man! to whom so bright she shone,
 The fatal Gift, her tempting self, unknown!
 The Winds were silent, all the Waves asleep,
 And Heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring Deep;
 But whilst he looks unmindful of a Storm,
 And thinks the Water wears a stable Form,
 What dreadful Din around his Ears shall rise!
 What Frowns confuse his Picture of the Skies!

At first the Creature Man was fram'd alone,
 Lord of himself, and all the World his own.

For

For him the Nymphs in green forsook the Woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the Floods,
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him Heroes in the secret Cave.
No Care destroy'd, no sick Disorder prey'd,
No bending Age his sprightly Form decay'd,
No Wars were known, no Females heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden Age.

When *Woman* came, those Ills the Box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the Wind,
From Point to Point, from Pole to Pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the Progress grew :
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal Race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly Face :
New Terms of Folly rose, new States of Care ;
New Plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair !
The Days of whining, and of wild Intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the Breach of Leagues ;
The mean Designs of well-dissembled Love ;
The fordid Matches never join'd above ;
Abroad the Labour, and at home the Noise,
(Man's double Suff'rings for domestick Joys)
The Curse of Jealousy ; Expence, and Strife ;
Divorce, the publick Brand of shameful Life ;
The Rival's Sword ; the Qualm that takes the Fair ;
Disdain for Passion, Passion in Despair——

These

These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd, we find ;
 Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind !

Thus on *Parnassus* tuneful *Hesiod* sung,
 The Mountain echo'd, and the Valley rung,
 The sacred Groves a fix'd Attention show,
 The chrystal *Helicon* forbore to flow,
 The Sky grew bright, and (if his Verse be true)
 The *Muses* came to give the Laurel too.
 But what avail'd the verdant Prize of Wit,
 If *Love* swore Vengeance for the Tales he writ ?
 Ye fair offended, hear your Friend relate
 What heavy Judgment prov'd the Writer's Fate,
 Tho' *when* it happen'd, no Relation clears,
 'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty Years.

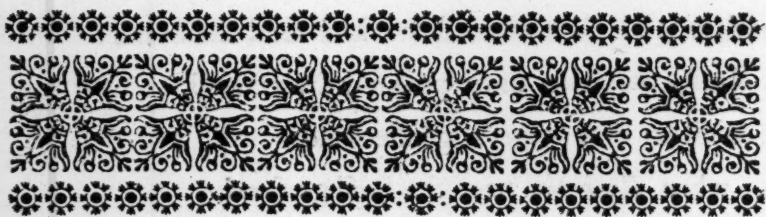
Where, dark and silent, with a twisted Shade
 The neighb'ring Woods a native Arbour made,
 There oft a tender Pair for am'rous Play
 Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd Hours away ;
 A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
 A fair *Milesian*, kind *Evanthe* she :
 But swelling Nature in a fatal Hour
 Betray'd the Secrets of the conscious Bow'r ;
 The dire Disgrace her Brothers count their own,
 And track her Steps, to make its Author known.

It chanc'd one Evening, ('twas the Lover's Day)
 Conceal'd in Brakes the jealous Kindred lay ;

When

When *Hesiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the Plain,
And fix'd his Seat where Love had fix'd the Scene :
A strong Suspicion strait possess'd their Mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind.)
But when *Evanthe* near the Passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful Look, and shot the Wood,
“ Now take, (at once they cry) thy due Reward,
And urg'd with erring Rage, assault the Bard.
His Corps the Sea receiv'd. The Dolphins bore
(’Twas all the Gods would do) the Corps to Shore.

Methinks I view the Dead with pitying Eyes,
And see the Dreams of antient Wisdom rise ;
I see the *Muses* round the Body cry,
But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by ;
He wheels his Arrow with insulting Hand,
And thus inscribes the Moral on the Sand.
“ Here *Hesiod* lies : Ye future Bards, beware
“ How far your Mortal Tales incense the Fair :
“ Unlov'd, unloving, ’twas his Fate to bleed ;
“ Without his Quiver *Cupid* caus'd the Deed :
“ He judg'd this Turn of Malice justly due,
“ And *Hesiod* dy'd for Joys he never knew.



S O N G.

WHEN thy Beauty appears
 In its Graces and Airs,
 All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
 At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my Eye!

 But when without Art,
 Your kind Thoughts you impart,
 When your Love runs in Blushes thro' ev'ry Vein;
 When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your
 Heart,
 Then I know you're a Woman again.

 There's a Passion and Pride
 In our Sex, (she reply'd,)
 And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
 Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.



S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous Swain,
 Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain;
 Who both his Heart subdue:
 Gay *Celia's* Eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy Shape and Air
 With softer Magick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
 Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
 And seems for each to dye;
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's Shape ran down,
 And she *Sabina's* Eye.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
 Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;
 So set the Lover free:
 No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
 Or with a True-love Knot and Name
 Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Cælia*! (fly *Sabina* cry'd)
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;

Now

14 *POEMS on several OCCASIONS.*

Now to support the Sex's Pride,

Let either fix the Dart.

Poor Girl (says *Cælia*) say no more;

For shou'd the Swain but one adore,

That Spite which broke his Chains before,

Wou'd break the other's Heart.



S O N G.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly

With careless Ease from 'Tree to Tree,

Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear,

Of mine increas'd their Stream?

Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er

I lent one Sigh to them?

But now my former Days retire,

And I'm by Beauty caught,

The tender Chains of sweet Desire

Are fix't upon my Thought.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines!

Ye Swains that haunt the Grove!

Ye

Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds!

Ye close Retreats of Love!

With all of Nature, all of Art,

Affist the dear Design;

O teach a young, unpractic'd Heart,

To make my *Nancy* mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,

As much as of Despair;

Nor ever covet to be great,

Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind

Is mix'd with soft Distress;

Yet while the Fair I love is kind,

I cannot wish it Less.



ANACREONTICK.

WHEN Spring came on with fresh Delight,
To cheer the Soul, and charm the Sight,

While easy Breezes, softer Rain,

And warmer Suns salute the Plain;

'Twas then, in yonder Piny Grove,

That *Nature* went to meet with *Love*.

Green

Green was her Robe, and green her Wreath,
 Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath ;
 Where-e'er she turn'd, the Pulses beat
 With new Recruits of *Genial* Heat ;
 And in her Train the Birds appear,
 To match for all the coming Year.

Rais'd on a Bank, where Daizies grew,
 And Vi'lets intermix'd a Blew,
 She finds the *Boy* she went to find ;
 A thousand *Pleasures* wait behind,
 Aside, a thousand Arrows lye,
 But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the *Dame* and *Boy*,
 Dancing *Graces*, idle *Joy*,
 Wanton *Smiles*, and airy *Play*,
 Conspir'd to make the Scene be gay ;
Love pair'd the Birds through all the Grove,
 And *Nature* bid them sing to *Love*,
 Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,
 And pay their Tribute from the Wing,
 To fledge the Shafts that idly lye,
 And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when Spring renews the Blood,
 They meet in ev'ry trembling Wood,

And

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 17

And thrice they make the Plumes agree,
And ev'ry Dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry Dart can boast a Kind,
Which suits each proper turn of Mind.

From the tow'ring *Eagle's* Plume
The *gen'rous Hearts* accept their Doom;
Shot by the *Peacock's* painted Eye
The *vain* and *airy Lovers* dye:
For *careful Dames* and *frugal Men*,
The Shafts are speckled by the *Hen*.
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the Darts,
When *Prattling* wins the panting Hearts;
When from the *Voice* the Passions spring,
The warbling *Finch* affords a Wing:
Together, by the *Sparrow* stung,
Down fall the *wanton* and the *young*:
And fledg'd by *Geese* the Weapons fly,
When others love *they know not why*.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving Grove.
And see, says *Love*, (who call'd me near)
How much I deal with *Nature* here,
How both support a proper Part,
She gives the Feather, I the Dart:
Then cease for Souls averle to sigh,
If *Nature* cros ye, so do I;

My

My Weapon there unfeather'd flies,
 And shakes and shuffles through the Skies.
 But if the *mutual Charms* I find
 By which she links you Mind to Mind,
 They wing my Shafts, I poize the Darts,
 And strikes from both, through both your Hearts.



ANACREONTICK.

GAY *Bacchus* liking *Estcourt's* Wine,
 A noble Meal bespoke us;

And for the Guests that were to dine,
 Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*.

The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,
 Near *Comus*, *Jocus* plac'd;
 For *Wine* makes *Love* forget its Care,
 And *Mirth* exalts a Feast.

The more to please the sprightly God,
 Each sweet engaging *Grace*
 Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,
 And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at every Glas
 A Lady of the Sky;

While

While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the Lads,
And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* toft his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moft;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he mift the Toast.

They call'd and drank at every touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis faid, they did fo then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ftung,
By reck'ning his Deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his ftamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ftagg'ring Gaits:

And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus*'s Ways,
And Tales without a Jeft;
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beft.

Such Talk foon fet them all at odds;
And, had I *Homer*'s Pen,
I'd fing ye, how they drunk like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
 Who make 'em soon agree;
 Nay, had the *Furies* selves been nigh,
 They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
 And gave him back his Bow;
 But kept some Darts to stir the Cup,
 Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Jocus took *Comus*'s rosy Crown,
 And gayly wore the Prize,
 And thrice, in Mirth, he push'd him down,
 As thrice he strove to rise.

Then *Cupid* fought the Myrtle Grove,
 Where *Venus* did recline,
 And *Venus* close embracing *Love*,
 They join'd to rail at Wine.

And *Comus* loudly curfing *Wit*,
 Roll'd off to some Retreat,
 Where boon Companions gravely sit
 In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, still behind,
 For one fresh Glass prepare;

They

They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in Time, whoever hear
This our instructive Song ;
For tho' such Friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.



A
F A I R Y T A L E,
I N T H E
Ancient English Style.

I N *Britain's Isle* and *Arthur's Days*,
When Midnight *Fairies* daunc'd the Maze,
Liv'd *Edwin* of the Green ;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His Mountain Back mote well be said
To measure Heighth against his Head,

B

And

22 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

And lift it self above ;
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth Form forbid,
This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of *Edith's* Eyes,
Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,
Cou'd Ladies look within ;
But one Sir *Topaz* drefs'd with Art,
And, if a Shape cou'd win a Heart,
He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)
With flighted Passion pac'd along
All in the Moony Light :
'Twas near an old enchanted Court,
Where sportive *Fairies* made Resort
To revel out the Night,

His Heart was drear, his Hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the Path was lost
That reach'd the Neighbour-Town ;
With weary Steps he quits the Shades,
Resolv'd the darkling Dome he treads,
And drops his Limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the Floor,
When hollow Winds remove the Door,

A trembling rocks the Ground :
 And (well I ween to count aright)
 At once an hundred Tapers light
 On all the Walls around.

Now founding Tongues assail his Ear,
 Now founding Feet approachen near,
 And now the Sounds encrease :
 And from the Corner where he lay
 He sees a Train profusely gay
 Come prанckling o'er the Place.

But (trust me *Gentles* !) never yet
 Was dight a Masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ;
 The Country lent the sweet Perfumes,
 The Sea, the Pearl, the Sky, the Plumes,
 The Town its filken Store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a *Gallant* drest
 In flaunting Robes above the rest,
 With awful Accent cry'd ;
 What *Mortal* of a wretched Mind,
 Whose Sighs infect the balmy Wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the *Swain*, whose vent'rous Soul
 No Fears of *Magick* Art controul,

24 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Advanc'd in open fight;
" Nor have I cause of Dreed, he said,
" Who view by no Presumption led
" Your Revels of the Night.

" 'Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,
" Which made my Steps unweeting rove
" Amid the nightly Dew.
'Tis well, the *Gallant* crys again,
We *Fairies* never injure Men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy Love-dejected Heart,
Be mine the Task, or e'er we part,
To make thee Grief resign;
Now take the Pleasure of thy Chaunce;
Whilst I with *Mab* my part'ner daunce,
Be little *Mable* thine,

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light Musick floats in wanton Air;
The *Monarch* lends the *Queen*:
The rest their *Fairie* Part'ners found:
And *Mable* trimly tript the Ground
With *Edwin* of the Green,

The Dauncing past, the Board was laid,
And sicker such a Feast was made

As

As Heart and Lip desire,
Withouten Hands the Dishes fly,
The Glasses with a Wish come nigh,
And with a Wish retire.

But now to please the *Fairie King*,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antick Feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an Ape,
And other-some transmute their Shape
In *Edwin's* wond'ring Eyes.

'Till one at last that *Robin* hight,
(Renown'd for pinching Maids by night)
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the Beam he flung,
Where by the Back the *Youth* he hung
To spraul unneath the Roof.

From thence, "Reverse my Charm, he crys,
"And let it fairely now suffice
"The Gambol has been shown.
But *Oberon* answers with a Smile,
Content thee *Edwin* for a while,
The Vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the Phantome-play;
They smelt the fresh Approach of Day,

26 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And heard a Cock to crow ;
The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd
Has clap'd the Door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the Tapers dy ;
Poor *Edwin* falls to Floor ;
Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,
Was never Wight in like a Case
Through all the Land before.

But soon as Dan *Apollo* rose,
Full Jolly Creature home he goes,
He feels his Back the less ;
His honest Tongue and steady Mind
Had rid him of the Lump behind
Which made him want Success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His Story soon took wind ;
And beauteous *Edith* sees the Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,
Without a Bunch behind.

The Story told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd,
(The Youth of *Edith* erst approv'd)

To see the Revel Scene :

At close of Eve he leaves his Home,
And wends to find the ruin'd Dome
All on the gloomy Plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The Wind came rustling down a Dell,
A shaking seiz'd the Wall :
Up spring the Tapers as before,
The *Fairies* bragly foot the Floor,
And Mufick fills the Hall.

But *Certes* forely sunk with Woe
Sir *Topaz* sees the *Elphin* show,
His Spirits in him dy :
When *Oberon* crys, “ a *Man* is near,
“ A mortal Passion, cleeped Fear,
“ Hangs flagging in the Sky.

With that Sir *Topaz* (Hapless Youth !)
In Accents fault'ring ay for Ruth
Intreats them Pity graunt ;
For als he been a Mister Wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night
To tread the circled Haunt ;

“ Ah Lofell Vile, at once they roar ;
“ And little skill'd of *Fairie* lore,

28 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

“ Thy Cause to come we know :
“ Now has thy Kestrell Courage fell ;
“ And *Fairies*, since a Ly you tell,
“ Are free to work thee Woe.

Then *Will*, who bears the wispy Fire
To trail the Swains among the Mire,
The Caitive upward flung ;
There like a Tortoise in a Shop
He dangled from the Chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The Revel now proceeds apace,
Deffly they frisk it o'er the Place,
They fit, they drink, and eat ;
The Time with frolick Mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
'Till all the Rout retreat,

By this the Stars began to wink,
They skriek, they fly, the Tapers sink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never Spell by *Fairie* laid
With strong Enchantment bound a Glade
Beyond the Length of Night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the Welkin rose the Day,

Then

Then deem'd the Dole was o'er :

But wot ye well his harder Lot ?
His seely Back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* lost afore.

This Tale a *Sybil-Nurse* ared ;
She softly strok'd my youngling Head,
And when the Tale was done,
“ Thus some are born, my Son (she cries)
“ With base Impediments to rise,
“ And some are born with none.

“ But Virtue can it self advance
“ To what the Fav'rite Fools of Chance
“ By Fortune seem'd design'd ;
“ Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,
“ And from it self shake off the Weight
“ Upon th' unworthy *Mind*.



PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

CRAS amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,

Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,

Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

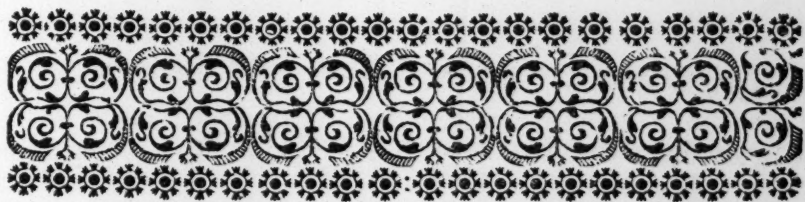
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum

Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.

Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras
amet.*

Tunc



THE
VIGIL of VENUS.

*Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR,
and by some ascrib'd to CATULLUS.*

LET those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

The Spring, the new, the warb'ling Spring appears,
The youthful Season of reviving Years;
In Spring the Loves enkindle mutual Heats,
The feather'd Nation chuse their tuneful Mates,
The Trees grow fruitful with descending Rain
And drest in diff'ring Greens adorn the Plain.
She comes; To-morrow Beauty's Empress roves
Thro' Walks that winding run within the Groves;
She twines the shooting Myrtle into Bow'rs,
And ties their meeting Tops with Wreaths of Flow'rs,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy Throne
From Nature's powerful Dictates draws her own.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas

Tunc liquore de superno, squameo ponti è globo,
 Cæulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,
 Fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbris.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras
 amet.*

Ipsa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
 Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favonî spiritu,
 Urguet in toros tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,
 Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,
 Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
 Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.
 In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
 Umor ille, quem ferenis astra rorant noctibus.
 Mane virgines papillas solvit umentî peplo.
 Ipsa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ
 Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,
 Deque gemmis, deque flammis. deque Solis purpuris.

Cras

'Twas on that Day which saw the teeming Flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial Blood ;
Wand'ring in Circles flood the finny Crew,
The midst was left a void Expanse of Blue,
There Parent *Ocean* work'd with heaving Throes,
And dropping wet the fair *Dione* rose.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

She paints the purple Year with vary'd show,
Tips the green Gem, and makes the Blossom glow,
She makes the turgid Buds receive the Breeze,
Expand to Leaves, and shade the naked Trees.
When gath'ring damps the misty Nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the Morn with balmy Dews ;
Bright trembling Pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy Freshness hence the *Rose* receives,
And blushes sweet through all her filken Leaves ;
(The Drops descending through the silent Night,
While Stars serenely roll their golden Light,)
Close 'till the Morn, her humid Veil she holds ;
Then deckt with Virgin Pomp the Flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the Morning blush : Ye Maids ! prepare,
In rosy Garlands bind your flowing Hair
'Tis *Venus*' Plant : The Blood fair *Venus* shed,
O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red ;

From

Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tectus igneâ,

Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, cras
amet.*

Ipſa Nimſas Diva luco juffit ire myrteo

Et Puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi poteſt

Effſe Amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.

Ite Nimfæ: Poſuit arma, feriatuſ eſt Amor.

Juffuſ eſt inermis ire, nuduſ ire juffuſ eſt:

Neu quid arcu, neu ſagitta, neu quid igne læderet.

Sed tamen cavete Nimfæ, quod Cupido pulcer eſt:

Totuſ eſt inermis idem, quando nuduſ eſt Amor.

*Craſ amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit, craſ
amet.*

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgineſ.

Una reſ eſt quam rogamuſ, cede virgo Delia,

Ut

From *Love's* soft Kifs a sweet *Ambrosial* Smell
Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell;
From *Gemms*, from *Flames*, from orient *Rays* of *Light*
The richest Lustre makes her *Purple* bright;
And she to morrow weds; the sporting *Gale*
Unties her *Zone*, she bursts the verdant *Veil*;
Thro' all her *Sweets* the rifling *Lover* flies,
And as he breaths, her glowing *Fires* arise.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now fair *Dione* to the *Myrtle* Grove
Sends the gay *Nymphs*, and sends her tender *Love*.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go?
While *Nymphs* have *Hearts*, and *Cupid* wears a *Bow*?
Yes safely venture, 'tis his *Mother's* Will;
He walks unarm'd and undefigning ill,
His *Torch* extinct, his *Quiver* useless hung,
His *Arrows* idle, and his *Bow* untrung.
And yet, ye *Nymphs*, beware, his *Eyes* have *Charms*,
And *Love* that's naked, still is *Love* in *Arms*.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more,*

From *Venus* Bow'r to *Delia's* Lodge repairs
A *Virgin* Train compleat with modest *Airs*:
" Chast *Delia*! grant our *Suit*! or shun the *Wood*,
" Nor stain this sacred *Lawn* with savage *Blood*.

" *Venus*,

Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.

Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem :

Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus :

Congreges inter catervas ire per saltus tuos,

Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casae,

Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec Poetarum Deus ;

Detinent & tota nox est pervigila cantibus.

Regnet in silvis Dione : Tu recede Delia.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit, cras
amet.*

Jussit Hiblæis tribunal stare Diva floribus.

Præfens ipsa jura dicit, adfederunt Gratiae.

Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.

Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænæ campus est.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Quæque

“ *Venus*, O *Delia*! if she cou’d persuade,
 “ Wou’d ask thy Prefence, might she ask a Maid.
 Here chearful Quires for three auspicious Nights
 With Songs prolong the pleasurable Rites:
 Here Crouds in Measures lightly-decent rove;
 Or seek by Pairs the Covert of the Grove,
 Where meeting Greens for Arbours arch above,
 And mingling Flowrets strow the Scenes of Love,
 Here dancing *Ceres* shakes her golden Sheaves:
 Here *Bacchus* revels, deckt with viny Leaves;
 Here Wit’s enchanting God in Lawrel crown’d
 Wakes all the ravish’d Hours with silver Sound.
 Ye Fields, ye Forrests, own *Dione*’s Reign,
 And *Delia*, Huntress *Delia*, shun the Plain.

*Let those love now, who never lov’d before,
 Let those who always lov’d, now love the more.*

Gay with the Bloom of all her opening Year,
 The *Queen* at *Hybla* bids her Throne appear;
 And there presides; and there the fav’rite Band
 (Her smiling *Graces*) share the great Command.
 Now beauteous *Hybla*! dress thy flow’ry Beds
 With all the Pride the lavish Season sheds,
 Now all thy Colours, all thy Fragrance yield,
 And rival *Enna*’s Aromatick Field.
 To fill the Prefence of the gentle Court
 From ev’ry Quarter rural *Nymphs* resort.

From

38 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Quæque filvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.

Jussit omnis adfidere pueri Mater alitas,

Jussit & nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amarvit; quique amarvit, cras
amet.*

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,

Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus

In finum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,

Ut foetus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore,

Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu

Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,

Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subditum,

Pervium fui tenorem feminali tramite

Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amarvit; quique amarvit, cras
amet.*

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit;

Ipsa

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 39

From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble Vales,
From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.

Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the *laughing Queen*

In Circles seats them round the Bank of green;

And " lovely Girls, (she whispers) guard your Hea :

" My Boy, tho' stript of Arms, abounds in Arts.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender Grass in shaded Allys spread,

Let early Flow'rs erect their painted Head.

To morrow's Glory be to morrow seen,

That Day, old *Æther* wedded *Earth* in green.

The *Vernal Father* bid the Spring appear,

In Clouds he coupled to produce the Year,

The Sap descending o'er her Bosom ran,

And all the various sorts of Soul began.

By Wheels unknown to Sight, by secret Veins

Distilling Life, the fruitful Goddess reigns,

Through all the lovely Realms of native Day,

Through all the circled Land, and circling Sea ;

With fertil Seed she fill'd the Pervious Earth,

And ever fix'd the mystick Ways of Birth.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas she the *Parent*, to the *Latian Shore*
Through various Dangers *Troy's* Remainder bore.

She

40 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Ipſa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit ;
Moxque Marti de facello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipſa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
Unde Rames & Quirites, próque prole poſterúm
Romuli matrem crearet & nepotem Cæſarem.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit, cras
amet.*

Rura fœcundat voluptas : Rura Venerem ſentiunt.
Ipſe Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipſa ſuſcepit ſinu,
Ipſa florum delicatis educavit oſculis.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit, cras
amet.*

Ecce, jam ſuper geneſtas explicat aonii latus,
Quiſque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantúm gregem.
Et canoras non tacere Diva juſſit alites.
Jam loquacés ore rauco ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt,

Adſonant

She won *Lavinia* for her warlike Son,
 And winning her, the *Latian* Empire won.
 She gave to *Mars* the Maid, whose honour'd Womb
 Swell'd with the *Founder* of immortal *Rome*.
 Decoy'd by Show's the *Sabin* Dames she led,
 And taught our vig'rous Youth the Means to wed.
 Hence sprung the *Romans*, hence the Race divine
 Thro' which great *Cæsar* draws his *Julian* Line,
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural Seats the Soul of *Pleasure* reigns;
 The Life of *Beauty* fills the rural Scenes;
 Ev'n *Love* (if *Fame* the Truth of *Love* declare)
 Drew first the breathings of a rural Air.
 Some pleasing Meadow pregnant *Beauty* prest,
 She laid her Infant on it's flow'ry Breast,
 From Nature's Sweets he sipp'd the fragrant Dew,
 He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,
 Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.
 Now stately Rams their fleecy Conforts lead,
 Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring Shade.
 And now the *Goddeſs* bids the birds appear,
 Raise all their Muſick, and ſalute the Year:

Then

Adsonant Terei puellæ sup̄ter umbram populī,
Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici musico,
Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.

Illa cantat : nos tacemus : quando ver venit meum ?
Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere definam ?
Perdidi Musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.
Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit ; quique amavit, cras
amet.*

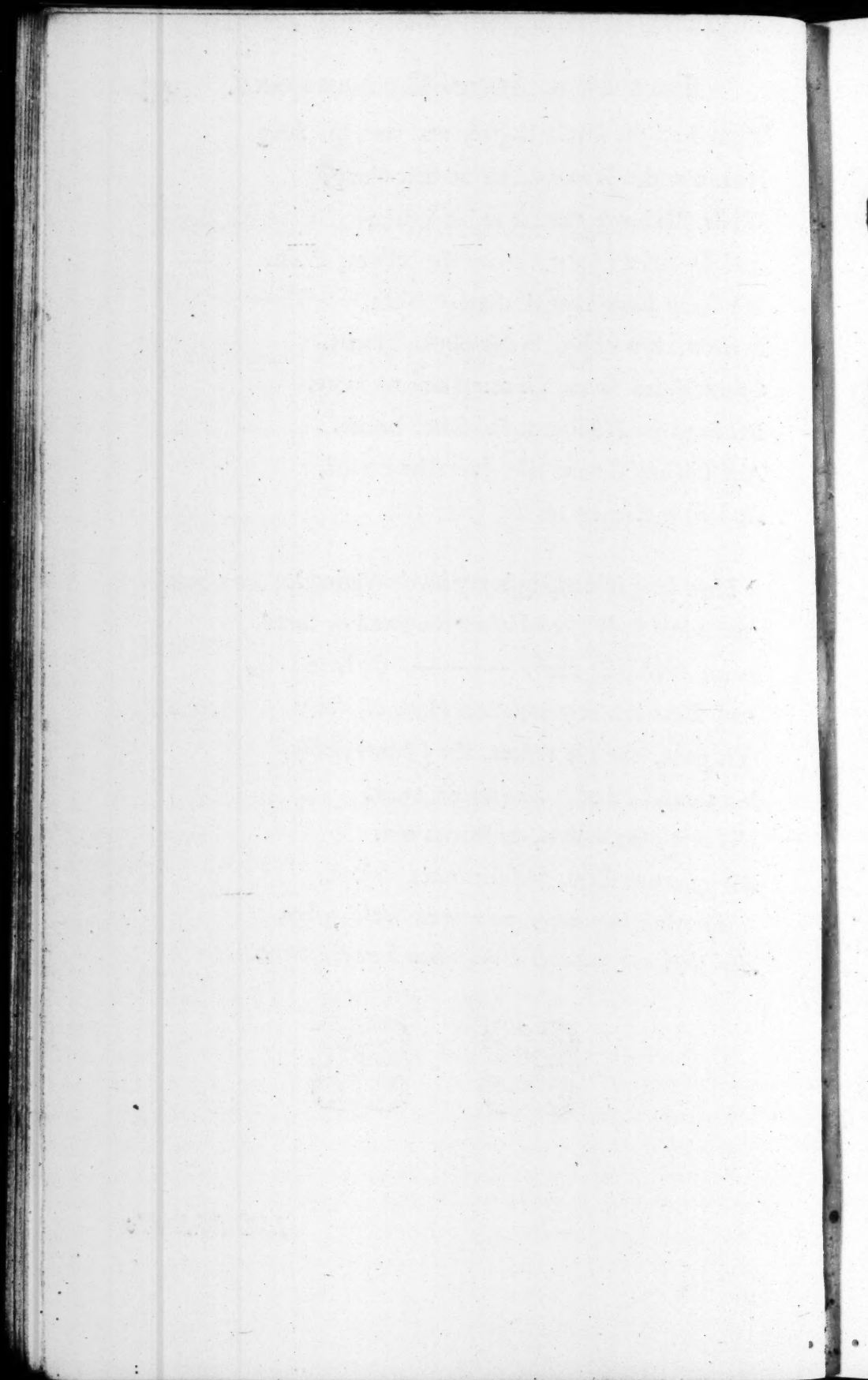


Then deep the Swain begins, and deep the Song
Runs o'er the Water where he sails along;
While *Philomela* tunes a treble Strain,
And from the Poplar charms the list'ning Plain.
We fancy Love exprest at ev'ry Note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid Throat.
Of barb'rous *Tereus* she complains no more,
But sings for Pleasure as for Grief before.
And still her Graces rise, her Airs extend,
And all is Silence 'till the *Syren* end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring?
And when shall I, and when the Swallow sing?
Sweet *Philomela* cease, ————— Or here I fit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous Hour of Wit:
'Tis gone, the Fit retires, the Flames decay,
My tuneful *Phæbus* flies averse away.
His own *Amycle* thus, as Stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
And those who always lov'd, now love the more,*







H O M E R's
B A T T L E

O F T H E

Frogs and Mice.

W I T H T H E

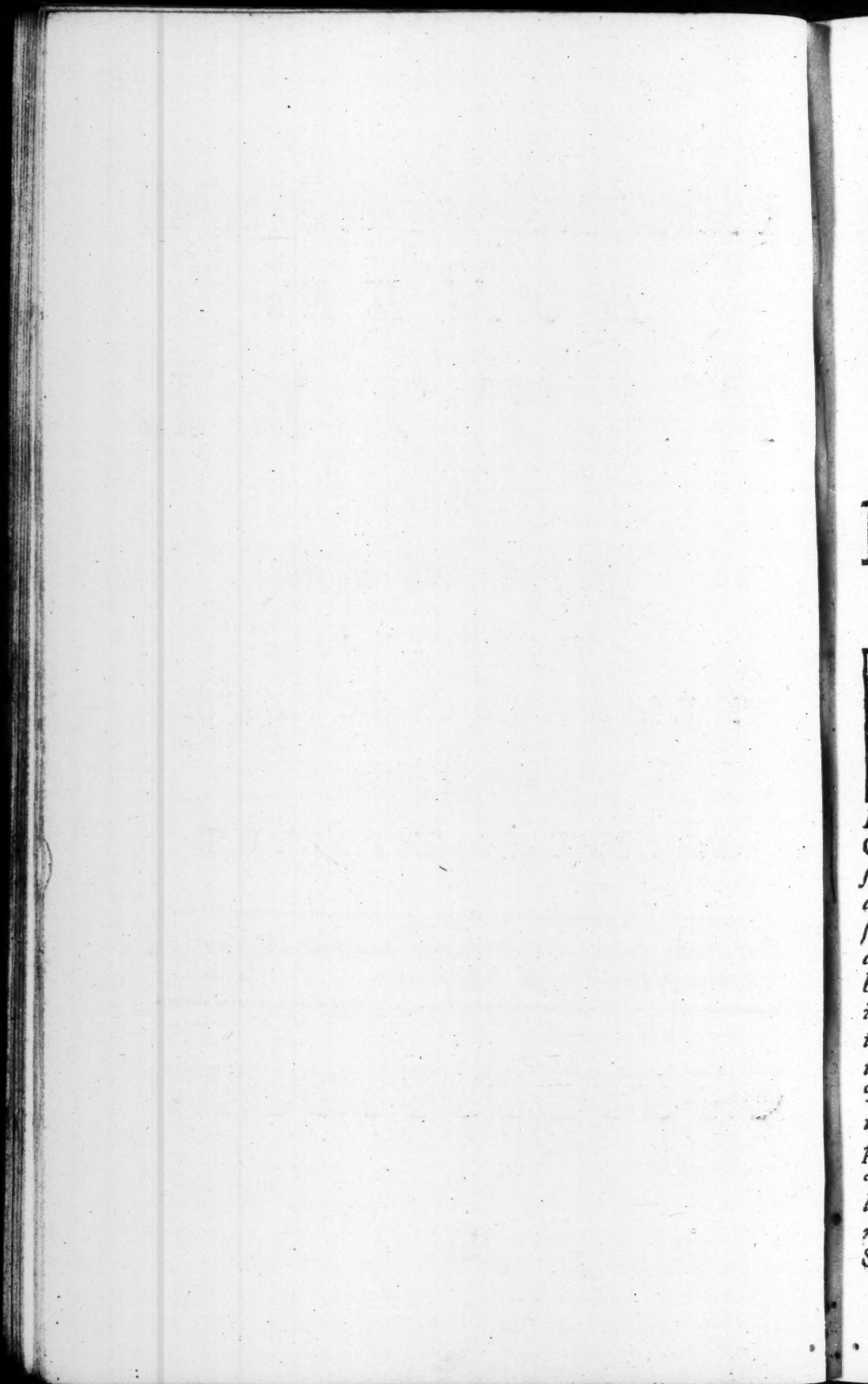
R E M A R K S of Z O I L U S,

To which is prefix'd,

The L I F E of the said Z O I L U S,

*Vide quam iniqui sunt divinorum munerum Aestimatores,
etiam quidam Professi Sapientiam.* Seneca.







P R E F A C E.



AVING some time ago heard, that the translation of HOMER's Iliad wou'd be attempted, I resolv'd to confer with the Gentleman who undertook it. I found him of a tall presence, and thoughtful Countenance, with his hands folded, his Eyes fix'd, and his Beard untrimm'd. This I took to be a good Omen, because he thus resembled the Constantinopolitan Statue of HOMER which Cedrenus describes, and surely nothing cou'd have been liker, had he but arriv'd at the Character of Age and Blindness. As my Business was to be my Introduction, I told him how much I was acquainted with the secret History of HOMER; that no one better knows his own Horse, than I do the Camel of Bactria, in which his Soul resided at the Time of the Trojan Wars; that my Acquaintance continued with him, as he appear'd in the Person of the Grecian Poet; that I knew him in his next Transmigration into a Peacock; was pleas'd with his Return to Manhood, under the Name of Ennius at Rome; and more pleas'd to hear he wou'd soon revive under another Name, with all his full Lustre, in England. This particular Knowledge, added I, which sprung from the Love I bear him, has made me fond of a Conversation with you, in Order to the Success of your Translation.

The PREFACE.

The civil Manner in which he receiv'd my Proposal encouraging me to proceed, I told him, there were Arts of Success, as well as Merits to obtain it; and that he, who now dealt in Greek, should not only satisfy himself with being a good Grecian, but also contrive to hasten into the Repute of it. He might therefore write in the Title-Page, Translated from the Original GREEK, and select a Motto for his Purpose out of the same Language. He might obtain a Copy of Verses written in it to prefix to the Work; and not call the Titles of each Book, The First, and Second, but Iliad Alpha, and Beta. He might retain some Names, which the World is least acquainted with, as his old Translator Chapman uses Ephæstus instead of Vulcan, Baratrum for Hell; and if the Notes were fill'd with Greek Verses, it wou'd more increase the Wonder of many Readers. Thus I went on; when he told me, smiling, I had shewn him indeed a Set of Arts very different from Merit, for which Reason, he thought, he ought not to depend upon them. A Success, says he, founded on the Ignorance of others, may bring a temporary Advantage, but neither a conscious Satisfaction, nor future Fame to the Author. Men of Sense despise the Affectation which they easily see through, and even they who were dazzled with it at first, are no sooner inform'd of its being an Affectation, but they imagine it also a Veil to cover Imperfection.

The next Point I ventur'd to speak on, was the Sort of Poetry he intended to use. how some may fancy, a Poet of the greatest Fire wou'd be imitated better in the Freedom of Blank Verse, and the Description of War sounds more pompous out of Rhime. But, will the Translation, said he, be thus remov'd enough from Prose, without greater Inconveniences? What Transposition is Milton forc'd to, as an Equivalent want of Rhime, in the Poetry of a Language which depends upon a natural Order of Words? And even this wou'd not have done his Business, had he not given the fullest Scope to his Genius, by choosing a Subject upon which there could be no Hyperboles. We see (however he be deservedly successful) that the Ridicule of his Manner succeeds better than the Imitation of it; because Transpositions, which are unnatural to a Language, are to be fairly derided, if they ruin it by being frequently introduced; and because Hyperboles, which outrage every lesser Subject where they are seriously us'd,

The PREFACE

are often beautiful in Ridicule. Let the French, whose Language is not copious, translate in Prose; but ours, which exceeds it in Copiousness of Words, may have a more frequent Likeness of Sounds, to make the Unison or Rhime easier; a Grace of Musick, that atones for the Harshness our Consonants and Monosyllables occasion.

After this, I demanded what Air he would appear with? whether antiquated, like Chapman's Version, or modern, like La Motte's Contraction. To which he answered, by desiring me to observe what a Painter does who would always have his Pieces in Fashion. He neither chooses to draw a Beauty in a Ruff, or a French-Head; but with its Neck uncover'd, and in its natural Ornament of Hair curl'd up, or spread becomingly: So may a Writer choose a natural Manner of expressing himself which will always be in Fashion, without affecting to borrow an odd Solemnity and unintelligible Pomp from the past Times, or humouring the present by falling into its Affectations, and those Phrases which are born to die with it.

I ask'd him, lastly, whether he would be strictly literal, or expatiate with further Licenses? I wou'd not be literal, replies he, or ty'd up to Line for Line in such a Manner, wherein it is impossible to express in one Language what has been deliver'd in another. Neither wou'd I so expatiate, as to alter my Author's Sentiments, or add others of my own. These Errors are to be avoided on either Hand, by adhering not only to the Word, but the Spirit and Genius of an Author; by considering what he means, with what beautiful Manner he has express'd his Meaning in his own Tongue, and how he would have express'd himself, had it been in ours. Thus we ought to seek for HOMER in a Version of HOMER: Other Attempts are but Transformations of him; such as Ovid tells us, where the Name is retain'd, and the Thing alter'd: This will be really what you mention'd in the Compliment you began with, a Transmigration of the Poet from one Country into another.

Here ended the serious Part of our Conference. All I remember further was, that having ask'd him, what he design'd with all those Editions and Comments I observ'd in his Room? He made Answer, That if any one, who had a Mind to find Fault with his Performance, wou'd but stay 'till it
was

The PREFACE.

was entirely finish'd, he shou'd have a very cheap Bargain of them.

Since this Discourse, I have often resolv'd to try what it was to translate in the Spirit of a Writer, and at last, chose the Battel of the Frogs and Mice, which is ascrib'd to HOMER; and bears a nearer Resemblance to his Iliad, than the Culex does to the Æneid of Virgil. Statius and others think it a Work of Youth, written as a Prelude to his greater Poems. Chapman thinks it the Work of his Age, after he found Men ungrateful; to shew he cou'd give Strength, Lineage and Fame as he pleas'd, and praise a Mouse as well as a Man. Thus, says he, the Poet professedly flung up the World, and apply'd himself at last to Hymns. Now, tho' this Reason of his may be nothing more than a Scheme form'd out of the Order in which HOMER's Works are printed, yet does the Conjecture that this Poem was written after the Iliad, appear probable, because of its frequent Allusions to that Poem, and particularly that there is not a Frog or a Mouse kill'd, which has not its parallel Instance there, in the Death of some Warrior or other.

The Poem itself is of the Epick kind; the Time of its Action the Duration of two Days; the Subject (however in its Nature frivolous, or ridiculous) rais'd, by having the most shining Words and Deeds of Gods and Heroes accommodated to it: And while other Poems often compare the illustrious Exploits of great Men to those of Brutes, this always heightens the Subject by Comparisons drawn from Things above it. We have a great Character given it with Respect to the Fable in Gaddius de Script. non Eccles. It appears, says he, nearer Perfection than the Iliad or Odyssees, and excels both in Judgment, Wit, and exquisite Texture, since it is a Poem perfect in its own Kind. Nor does Crusius speak less to its Honour, with Respect to the Moral, when he cries out in an Apostrophe to the Reader; "Whoever you are, mind not the Names of these little Animals, but look into the Things they mean; call them Men, call them Kings, or Counsellors, or humane Polity itself, you have here Doctrines of every Sort." And indeed, when I hear the Frog talk concerning the Mouse's Family, I learn, Equality shou'd be observ'd in making Friendships; when I hear the Mouse answer the Frog, I remember, that a Similitude of Manners shou'd be regarded in them; when

THE PREFACE.

When I see their Councils assembling, I think of the Bustles of humane Prudence; and when I see the Battel grow warm and glorious, our Struggles for Honour and Empire appear before me.

This Piece had many Imitations of it in Antiquity, as the Fight of the Cats, the Cranes, the Starlings, the Spiders, &c. That of the Cats is in the Bodleian Library, but I was not so lucky as to find it. I have taken the Liberty to divide my Translation into Books (tho' it be otherwise in the Original) according as the Fable allow'd proper Resting-places, by varying its Scene, or Nature of Action: This I did, after the Example of Aristarchus and Zenodotus in the Iliad. I then thought of carrying the Grammarians Example further, and placing Arguments at the Head of each, which I fram'd as follows, in Imitation of the short antient Greek Inscriptions to the Iliad.

BOOK. I.

*In Alpha the Ground
Of the Quarel is found.*

BOOK II.

*In Beta, we
The Council see.*

BOOK. III.

*Dire Gamma relates
The Work of the Fates.*

But as I am averse from all Information which lessens our Surprise, I only mention these for a Handle to quarrel with the Custom of long Arguments before a Poem. It may be necessary in Books of Controversy or abstruse Learning, to write an Epitome before each Part; but it is not kind to forestal us in a Work of Fancy, and make our Attention remiss by a previous Account of the End of it.

The next Thing which employ'd my Thoughts was the Heroes Names. It might perhaps take off somewhat from the Majesty of the Poem, had I cast away such noble Sounds as, Phrygnathus, Lycopinax, and Crambophagus, to substitute Bluff-cheek, Lick-dish, and Cabbage-eater, in their Places.

It

THE PREFACE.

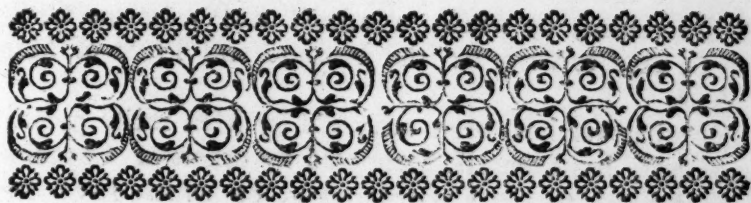
It is for this Reason I have retain'd them untranslatèd: However, I place them in English before the Poem, and sometimes give a short Character extractèd out of their Names; as in Polyphonus, Pternophagus, &c. that the Reader may not want some Light of their Humour in the Original.

But what gave me a greater Difficulty was, to know how I shou'd follow the Poet, when he insertèd Pieces of Lines from his Iliad, and struck out a Sprightliness by their new Application. To supply this in my Translation I have added one or two of HOMER's Particularities; and us'd two or three Allusions to some of our English Poets who most resemble him, to keep up some Image of this Spirit of the Original with an equivalent Beauty. To use more might make my Performance seem a Canto rather than a Translation, to those who know not the Necessity I lay under.

I am not ignorant, after all my Care, how the World receives the best Compositions of this Nature. A Man need only go to a Painter's, and apply what he hears said of a Picture to a Translation, to find how he shall be us'd upon his own, or his Author's Account. There one Spectator tells you, a Piece is extreamly fine, but he sets no Value on what is not like the Face it was drawn for; while a second informs you, such another is extreamly like, but he cares not for a Piece of Deformity, tho' its Likeness be never so exact.

Yet notwithstanding all which happens to the best, when I translate, I have a Desire to be reckon'd amongst them; and I shall obtain this, if the World will be so good natur'd as to believe Writers that give their own Characters: Upon which Presumption, I answer to all Objections beforehand, as follows:

When I am literal, I regard my Author's Words; when I am not, I translate in Spirit. If I am low, I choose the narrative Style; if high, the Subject requir'd it. When I enervate, I give an Instance of antient Simplicity; when affected, I shew a Point of modern Delicacy. As for Beauties, there never can be one found in me which was not really intended; and for any Faults, they proceeded from too unbounded Fancy, or too nice Judgment, but by no Means from any Defect in either of those Faculties.



THE
L I F E
O F
Z O I L U S.

Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.

Martial.



HEY who have discours'd concerning the Nature and Extent of Criticism, take Notice, That Editions of Authors, the Interpretations of them, and the Judgment which is pass'd upon each, are the three Branches into which the Art divides itself. But the last of these, that directs in the Choice of Books, and takes Care to prepare us for reading them, is by the learned *Bacon* call'd the *Chair of the Criticks*. In this Chair (to carry on the Figure) have sat *Aristotle*, *Demetrius Phalereus*, *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, *Cicero*, *Horace*, *Quintillian*, and *Longinus*; all great Names of Antiquity, the *Censors* of those Ages which went

The Life of ZOILUS.

before, and the *Directors* of those that come after them, with Respect to the natural and perspicuous Manners of Thought and Expression, by which a correct and judicious *Genius* may be able to write for the Pleasure and Profit of Mankind.

But whatever has been advanc'd by Men really great in themselves, has been also attempted by others of Capacities either unequal to the Understanding, or which have been corrupted by their Passions, and drawn away into partial Violences: So that we have sometimes seen the Province of *Criticism* usurp'd, by such who judge with an *obscure Diligence*, and a certain *Dryness of Understanding*, incapable of understanding a figurative Style, or being mov'd by the Beauties of Imagination; and at other Times by such, whose natural *Moroseness in general*, or *particular Designs* of Envy, has render'd them indefatigable against the Reputation of others.

In this last Manner is ZOILUS represented to us by Antiquity, and with a Character so abandon'd, that his Name has been since made use of to brand all succeeding Criticks of his Complexion. He has a Load of Infamy thrown upon him, great, in Proportion to the Fame of *Homer*, against whom he oppos'd himself: If the one was esteem'd as the very Residence of Wit, the other is describ'd as a Profligate, who wou'd destroy the Temple of *Apollo* and the *Muses*, in order to have his Memory preserv'd by the envious Action. I imagine it may be no ungrateful Undertaking to write some Account of this celebrated Person, from whom so many derive their Character; and I think the Life of a *Critick* is not unseasonably put before the Works of his *Poet*, especially when his Censures accompany him. If what he advances be just, he stands here as a Censor; if otherwise, he appears as an Addition to the Poet's Fame, and is placed before him with the Justice of Antiquity in its Sacrifices, when, because such a Beast had offended such a Deity, he was brought annually to his Altar to be slain upon it.

ZOILUS was born at *Amphipolis*, a City of *Thrace*, during the Time in which the *Macedonian* Empire flourish'd. Who his Parents were is not certainly known, but if the Appellation of *Thracian Slave*, which the World apply'd to him,

The Life of ZOILUS.

him, be not meerly an Expression of Contempt, it proves him of mean Extraction. He was a Disciple of one *Polycrates* a Sophist, who had distinguish'd himself by writing against the great Names of the Ages before him; and who, when he is mention'd as his Master, is said to be particularly famous for a bitter Accusation or Invective against the Memory of *Socrates*. In this Manner is *ZOILUS* set out to Posterity, like a Plant naturally baneful, and having its Poison render'd more acute and subtile by a Preparation.

In his Person he was tall and meagre, his Complexion was pale, and all the Motions of his Face were sharp. He is represented by *Ælian*, with a Beard nourish'd to a prodigious Length, and his Head kept close shav'd, to give him a Magisterial Appearance: His Coat hung over his Knees in a slovenly Fashion; his Manners were form'd upon an Aversion to the Customs of the World. He was fond of speaking ill, diligent to sow Dissention, and from the constant Bent of his Thought, had obtain'd that Sort of Readiness for Slander or Reproach, which is esteem'd Wit by the light Opinion of some, who take the Remarks of ill Nature for an Understanding of Mankind, and the abrupt Lashes of Rudeness for the Spirit of Expression. This, at last, grew to such a Height in him, that he became careless of concealing it; he threw off all Reserves and Managements in Respect of others, and the Passion so far took the Turn of a Frenzy, that being one Day ask'd, why he spoke ill of every one? "It is (says he) because I am not able "to do them Ill, tho' I have so great a Mind to it." Such extravagant Declarations of his general Enmity made Men deal with him as with the Creature he affected to be; they no more spoke of him as belonging to the Species he hated; and from henceforth his learned Speeches, or fine Remarks, cou'd obtain no other Title for him; but that of *The Rhetorical Dog*.

While he was in *Macedon* he employ'd his Time in writing, and reciting what he had written in the Schools of Sophists. His Oratory (says *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*) was always of the demonstrative Kind, which concerns itself about Praise or Dispraise. His Subjects were the most approv'd Authors, whom he chose to abuse upon the Account of their Reputation; and to whom, without going round
the

The Life of ZOILUS.

the Matter in *faint Praises* or *artificial Insinuations*, he us'd to deny their own *Characteristicks*. With this Gallantry of Opposition did he censure *Zenophon* for Affectation, *Plato* for vulgar Notions, and *Isocrates* for Incorrectness. *Demosthenes*, in his Opinion, wanted Fire, *Aristotle* Subtilty, and *Aristophanes* Humour. But, as to have Reputation was with him a sufficient Cause of Enmity, so to have that Reputation universal, was what wrought his Frenzy to its wildest Degree; for which Reason it was HOMER with whom he was most implacably angry. And certainly, if Envy choose its Object for the Power to give Torment, it shou'd here (if ever) have the Glory of fully answering its Intentions; for the Poet was so worship'd by the whole Age, that his Critick had not the common Alleviation of the Opinion of one other Man, to concur in his Condemnation.

ZOILUS however went on with indefatigable Industry in a voluminous Work which he entitled, *The ψόγῃ, or Censure of HOMER*: Till having at last finish'd it, he prepares to send it into the World with a pompous Title at the Head, invented for himself by Way of Excellency, and thus inserted after the Manner of the Antients.

ZOILUS the Scourge of HOMER, writ this against that Lover of Fables.

Thus did he value himself upon a Work, which the World has not thought worth transmitting to us, and but just left a Specimen in five or six Quotations, which happen to be preserv'd by the Commentators of that Poet against whom he writ it. If any one be fond to form a Judgment upon him from these Instances, they are as follows:

II. 1. He says, HOMER is very ridiculous (a Word he was noted to apply to him) when he makes such a God as *Apollo* employ himself in killing Dogs and Mules.

II. 5. HOMER is very ridiculous in describing *Diomedes's* Helmet and Armour, as sparkling, and in a Blaze of Fire about him, for then why was he not burn'd by it?

II. 5. When *Idæus* quitted his fine Chariot, which was entangl'd in the Fight, and for which he might have been slain, the Poet was a Fool for making him leave his Chariot, he had better have run away in it.

The Life of ZOILUS.

Il. 24. When *Achilles* makes *Priam* lie out of his Tent, lest the *Greeks* shou'd hear of his being there, the Poet had no Breeding, to turn a King out in that Manner.

Od. 9. The Poet says, *Ulysses* lost an equal Number out of each Ship. The Critick says, that's impossible.

Od. 10. He derides the Men who were turn'd into Swine, and calls them *HOMER's* poor little blubbering Pigs. The first five of these Remarks are found in *Didymus*, the last in *Longinus*.

Such as these are the cold Jests and trifling Quarrels, which have been registred from a Composition that (according to the Representation handed down to us) was born in Envy, liv'd a short Life in Contempt, and lies for ever bury'd with Infamy.

But, as his Design was judg'd by himself wonderfully well accomplish'd, *Macedon* began to be esteem'd a Stage too narrow for his Glory; and *Ægypt*, which had then taken Learning into its Patronage, the proper Place where it ought to diffuse its Beams, to the Surprize of all whom he wou'd persuade to reckon themselves hitherto in the Dark, and under the Prejudices of a false Admiration. However as he had prepar'd himself for the Journey, he was suddenly diverted for a while by the Rumour of the *Olympick* Games, which were at that time to be celebrated. Thither he steer'd his Course full of the Memory of *Herodotus*, and others who had successfully recited in that large Assembly; and pleas'd to imagine he shou'd alter all *Greece* in their Notions of Wit before he left it.

Upon his Arrival, he found the Field in its Preparation for Diverſion. The Chariots stood for the Race, carv'd and gilded, the Horses were led in costly Trappings, some practis'd to wrestle, some to dart the Spear, (or whatever they design'd to engage at) in a Kind of Flourish beforehand: Others were looking on to amuse themselves; and all gaily dress'd according to the Custom of those Places. Through these did *ZOILUS* move forward, bald-headed, bearded to the Middle, in a long sad-colour'd Vestment, and inflexibly stretching forth his Hands fill'd with Volumes roll'd up to a vast thickness: A Figure most venerably slovenly! able to demand Attention upon Account of its Oddness. And indeed, he had no sooner fix'd himself upon an Eminence, but

The Life of ZOILUS.

a Crowd flock'd about him to know what he intended. Then the Critick casting his Eyes on the Ring, open'd his Volume slowly, as considering with what Part he might most properly entertain his Audience. It happen'd, that the Games at *Patroclus's* Obsequies came first into his thought; whether it was that he judg'd it suitable to the Place, or knew that he had fallen as well upon the Games themselves, as upon *HOMER* for celebrating them, and cou'd not resist his natural Disposition to give Mankind Offence. Every One was now intently fasten'd upon him, while he undertook to prove, that those Games signify'd nothing to the Taking of *Troy*, and therefore only furnish'd an impertinent Epifode: that the Fall of the Lesser *Ajax* in Cow-dung, the Squabble of the Chariot-Race, and other Accidents which attend such Sports, are mean or trifling: and a World of other Remarks, for which he still affirm'd *HOMER* to be a Fool, and which they that heard him took for study'd Invectives against those Exercises they were then employ'd in. Men who frequent Sports, as they are of a chearful Disposition, so are they Lovers of Poetry: This, together with the Opinion they were affronted, wrought them up to Impatience and further Licenses: There was particularly a young *Athenian* Gentleman who was to run three Chariots in those Games, who being an Admirer of *HOMER*, cou'd no longer contain himself, but cry'd out, "What in the Name of *Castor* have we here, *ZOILUS* from *Thrace*?" and as he said it struck him with a Chariot-Whip. Immediately then a Hundred Whips were seen curling round his Head; so that his Face, naturally deform'd, and heighten'd by Pain to its utmost *Caricatura*, appear'd in the Midst of them, as we may fancy the Visage of Envy, if at any time her Snakes rise in Rebellion to lash their Mistress. Nor was this all the Punishment they decreed him, when once they imagin'd he was *ZOILUS*: The *Scyronian* Rocks were near 'em, and thither they hurried him with a general Cry, to that speedy Justice which is practis'd at Places of Diversion.

It is here, that, according to *Suidas*, the Critick expir'd. But we following the more numerous Testimonies of other Authors, conclude he escap'd either by the Lowness of those Rocks whence he was thrust, or by Bushes which might break

The Life of ZOILUS.

break his Fall; and soon after following the Courses of his first Intention, he set Sail for *Ægypt*.

Ægypt was at this time govern'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, a Prince passionately fond of Learning, and learned Men; particularly an Admirer of *HOMER* to Adoration. He had built the finest Library in the World, and made the choicest, as well as most numerous Collection of Books. No Encouragements were wanting from him to allure Men of the brightest Genius to his Court, and no time thought too much which he spent in their Company. From hence it is that we hear of *Eratoſthenes* and *Ariſtophanes*, thoſe univerſal Scholars, and candid Judges of other Mens Performances: *Callimachus*, a Poet of the moſt eaſy, courteous Delicacy, famous for a Poem on the Cutting of *Berenice's* Hair; and whom *Ovid* ſo much admired as to ſay, "It was Reason enough for him to love a Woman, if ſhe wou'd but tell him he exceeded *Callimachus*;" *Theocritus*, the moſt famous in the Paſtoral Way of Writing: And among the young Men, *Ariſtarchus* and *Apollonius Rhodius*, the one of whom prov'd a moſt judicious Critick, the other a Poet of no mean Character.

Theſe and many more fill'd the Court of that munificent Prince, whoſe liberal Diſpenſations of Wealth and Favour became Encouragements to every One to exert their Parts to the utmoſt; like Streams which flow through different Sorts of Soils, and improve each in that for which it was adapted by Nature.

Such was the Court when *ZOILUS* arriv'd; but before he enter'd *Alexandria*, he ſpent a Night in the Temple of *Iſis*, to enquire of the Succeſs of his Undertaking; not that he doubted the Worth of his Works, but his late Miſfortune had inſtructed him, that others might be ignorant of it. Having therefore perform'd the accuſtom'd Sacrifice, and compos'd himſelf to reſt upon the Hide, he had a Viſion which foretold of his future Fame.

He found himſelf ſitting under the Shade of a dark Yew, which was cover'd with Hellebore and Hemlock, and near the Mouth of a Cave, where ſate a Monster, pale, waſted, ſurrounded with Snakes, ſoſt'ring a Cockatrice in her Boſom; and curſing the Sun, for making the Work of the Deities appear in its Beauty. The Sight of this bred Fear in him; when

The Life of ZOILUS

when she suddenly turning her sunk Eyes, put on a hideous kind of a loving Grin, in which she discover'd a Resemblance to some of his own Features. Then turning up her Snakes, and interlacing them in the Form of a Turbant to give him less Disgust, she thus address'd herself: " Go on, my Son, " in whom I am renew'd, and prosper in thy brave Undertakings on Mankind: Assert their Wit to be Dulness; prove " their Sense to be Folly; know Truth only when it is on " thy own Side; and acknowledge Learning at no other " time to be useful. Spare not an Author of any Rank or " Size; let not thy Tongue or Pen know Pity; make the " living feel thy Accusations; make the Ghosts of the dead " groan in their Tombs for their violated Fame. But why " do I spend time in needless Advice, which may be better " us'd in Encouragement? Let thy Eyes delight themselves " with the future Recompence which I have reserv'd for thy " Merit. " Thus spoke the Monster, and shriek'd the Name of ZOILUS: The Shades who were to bear the same Name after him became obedient, and the Mouth of the Cave was fill'd with strange supercilious Countenances, which all crowded to make their Appearance. These began to march before him with an Imitation of his Mein and Manners: Some crown'd with wild Sorrel, others having Leaves of dead Bays mingled amongst it; while the Monster still describ'd them as he pass'd, and touch'd each with a livid Track of malignant Light that shot from her Eye, to point where she meant the Description. " They (says she) in the Chaplets of wild " Sorrel, are my Writers of Prose, who erect Scandal into " Criticism: They who wear the wither'd Bay with it, are " such who write Poems, which are profess'dly to answer " all Rules, and be left for Patterns to Men of Genius. " These that follow shall attack others, because they are excell'd by them. The next Rank shall make an Author's " being read a sufficient Ground of Opposition. Here march " my Grammarians skill'd to torture Words; there my Sons " of Sophistry, ever ready to wrest a Meaning. Observe " how faint the foremost of the Procession appear; and how " they are now lost in yonder Mists which roll about the " Cave of Oblivion! This shews, it is not for themselves " that they are to be known; the World will consider them " only as managing a Part of thy Endowments, and so know " them

The Life of ZOILUS.

“ them by thy Name while they live, that their own shall
“ be lost for ever. But see how my Cave still swarms ! How
“ every Age produces Man, upon whom the Preservation of
“ thy Memory devolves. My Darling, the Fates have de-
“ creed it ! Thou art ZOILUS, and ZOILUS shall be eter-
“ nal : Come, my Serpents, applaud him with your Hisses,
“ that is all which now can be done ; in modern times my
“ Sons shall invent louder Instruments, and artificial Imita-
“ tions, Noises which drown the Voice of Merit, shall fur-
“ nish a Consort to delight them. ” Here she arose to clasp
him in her Arms, a strange Noise was heard, the Critick
started at it, and his Vision forsook him.

It was with some Confusion, that he lay musing a while
upon what he had seen ; but reflecting, that the Goddess had
giv'n him no Answer concerning his Success in *Agypt*, he
strengthen'd his Heart in his ancient Self-Love and Enmity
to others, and took all for an idle Dream born of the Fumes
of Indigestion, or produc'd by the dizzy Motion of his Voy-
age. In this Opinion, he told it at his Departure to the
Priest, who admiring the extraordinary Relation, registred
it in Hieroglyphicks at *Canopus*.

The Day when he came to *Alexandria* was one on which
the King had appointed Games to *Apollo* and the *Muses*, and
Honours and Rewards for such Writers as shou'd appear in
them. This he took for a happy Omen at his Entrance,
and, not to loose an Opportunity of shewing himself, repair'd
immediately to the publick Theatre, where, as if every thing
was to favour him, the very first Accident gave his Spleen a
Diversiion, which we find at large in the Proem of the se-
venth Book of *Vitruvius*. It happen'd that when the Poets
had recited, six of the Judges decreed the Prizes with a full
Approbation of all the Audience. From this *Aristophanes*
alone dissented, and demanded the first Prize for a Person
whose bashful and interrupted Manner of speaking made him
appear the most disgustful: For he (says the Judge) is alone
a Poet, and all the rest Reciters ; and they who are Judges
shou'd not approve Thefts, but Writings. To maintain his
Assertion, those Volumns were produc'd from whence they
had been stoll'n: Upon which the King order'd them to be
formally try'd for Theft, and dismiss'd with Infamy ; but
plac'd *Aristophanes* over his Library, as One, who had gi-
ven

The Life of ZOILUS

ven a Proof of his Knowledge in Books. This Passage ZOILUS often afterwards repeated with Pleasure, for the Number of Disgraces which happen'd in it to the Pretenders in Poetry; tho' his Envy made him still careful not to name *Aristophanes*, but a Judge in general.

However, Criticism had only a short Triumph over Poetry, when he made the next Turn his own, by stepping forward into the Place of reciting. Here he immediately rais'd the Curiosity, and drew the Attention of both King and People: But, as it happen'd, neither the one nor the other lasted; for the first Sentence where he had registred his own *Name*, satisfied their Curiosity; and the next, where he offer'd to prove to a Court so devoted to HOMER, that he was ridiculous in every thing, went near to finish his Audience. He was nevertheless heard quietly for some time, 'till the King seeing no End of his abusing the Prince of Philological Learning, (as *Vitruvius* words it) departed in Disdain. The Judges follow'd, deriding his Attempt as an Extravagance which cou'd not demand their Gravity; and the People taking a License from the Precedent, hooted him away with Obloquy and Indignation. Thus ZOILUS fail'd at his first Appearance, and was forc'd to retire, stung with a most impatient Sense of publick Contempt.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he did not omit his Attendance at Court on the Day following, with a Petition that he might be put upon the Establishment of Learning, and allow'd a Pension. This the King read, but return'd no Answer: So great was the scorn he conceived against him. But ZOILUS still undauntedly renewed his Petitions, 'till *Ptolemy*, being weary of his Persecution, gave him a flat Denial. HOMER, (says the Prince) who has been dead these thousand Years, has maintain'd thousands of People; and ZOILUS, who boasts he has more Wit than he, ought not only to maintain himself, but many others also.

His Petitions being thrown carelessly about, were fall'n into the Hands of Men of Wit, whom, according to his Custom, he had provok'd, and whom it is unsafe to provoke if you wou'd live unexp's'd. I can compare them to nothing more properly, than to the Bee, a Creature wing'd and lively, fond to rove through the choicest Flowers of Nature, and blest at home among the Sweets of its own Composition:

The Life of ZOILUS.

tion: Not ill-natur'd, yet quick to revenge an Injury; not wearing its Sting out of the Sheath; yet able to wound more sorely than its Appearance wou'd threaten. Now these being made personal Enemies by his malicious Expressions, the Court rung with Petitions of ZOILUS transvers'd; new Petitions drawn up for him; Catalogues of his Merits, suppos'd to be collected by himself; his Complaints of Man's Injustice set to a Harp out of Tune, and a Hundred other Sports of Fancy, with which their Epigrams play'd upon him. These were the Ways of Writing which ZOILUS hated, because they were not only read, but retain'd easily, by Reason of their Spirit, Humour, and Brevity; and because they not only make the Man a Jest upon whom they are written, but a further Jest, if he attempt to answer them gravely. However, he did what he cou'd in Revenge; he endeavour'd to set those whom he envy'd at Variance among themselves; and invented Lies to promote his Design. He told *Eratoſthenes*, that *Callimachus* said, his Extent of Learning consisted but in a superficial Knowledge of the Sciences; and whisper'd *Callimachus*, that *Eratoſthenes* only allow'd him to have an artful habitual Knack of Versifying. He would have made *Aristophanes* believe, that *Theocritus* rally'd his Knowledge in Editions as a curious Kind of Triffling; and *Theocritus*, that *Aristophanes* derided the rustical Simplicity of his Shepherds. Tho' of all his Stories, that which he most valu'd himself for, was his constant Report, that every one whom he hated was a Friend to *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, the Enemy of *Ptolemy*.

But Malice is unsuccessful when the Character of its Agent is known: They grew more Friends to one another, by imagining, that even what had been said, as well as what had not, was all of ZOILUS's Invention; and as he grew more and more the common Jest, their Derision of him became a Kind of Life and Cement to their Conversation.

Contempt, Poverty, and other Misfortunes had now so assaulted him, that even they who abhor'd his Temper, contributed something to his Support, in common Humanity. Yet still his Envy, like a vitiated Stomach, converted every Kindness to the Nourishment of his Disease; and 'twas the whole Business of his Life to revile HOMER, and those by whom he himself subsisted. In this Humour he had Days,
which

The Life of ZOILUS.

which were so given up to *impatient Ill-nature*, that he cou'd neither write any Thing, nor converse with any One. These he sometimes employ'd in throwing Stones at Children; which was once so unhappily return'd upon him, that he was taken up for dead: And this occasion'd the Report in some Authors, of his being ston'd to Death in *Ægypt*. Or, sometimes he convey'd himself into the Library, where he blotted the Name of HOMER wherever he could meet it, and tore the best Editions of several Volumes; for which the Librarians debarr'd him the Privilege of that Place. These and other Mischiefs made him universally shunn'd; nay, to such an Extravagance was his Character of Envy carry'd, that the more superstitious *Ægyptians* imagin'd they were fascinated by him, if the Day were darker, or themselves a little heavier than Ordinary; some wore Sprigs of Rue, by Way of Prevention; and others, Rings made of the Hoof of a wild Ass for Amulets, lest they shou'd suffer, by his fixing an Eye upon them.

It was now near the time, when that splendid Temple which *Ptolomy* built in Honour of HOMER, was to be open'd with a solemn Magnificence: For this the Men of Genius were employ'd in finding a proper Pageant. At last, they agreed by one Consent, to have ZOILUS, the utter Enemy of HOMER, hang'd in Effigie! and the Day being come, it was on this Manner they form'd the Procession. Twelve beautiful Boys, lightly habited in White, with Purple Wings representing the *Hours*, went on the foremost: After these came a Charriot exceeding high and stately, where sat one representing *Apollo*, with another at his Feet, who in this Pomp sustain'd the Person of HOMER: *Apollo's* Lawrel had little gilded Points, like the Appearance of Rays between its Leaves; HOMER's was bound with a blue Filet, like that which is worn by the Priests of the Deity: *Apollo* was distinguish'd by the golden Harp he bore: HOMER, by a Volumn, richly beautify'd with Horns of inlaid Ivory, and Tassels of Silver depending from them. Behind these came three Chariots, in which rode nine Damsels, each of them with that Instrument which is proper to each of the Muses; among whom, *Calliope*, to give her the Honour of the Day, sat in the Middle of the second Chariot, known by her richer Vestments. After these march'd a solemn Train aptly habited,
like

The Life of ZOILUS.

like those Sciences which acknowledge their Rise or Improvement from this Poet. Then the Men of Learning who attended the Court, with Wreaths and Rods or Scepters of Lawrel, as taking upon themselves the Representation of *Rhapsodists*, to do Honour, for the Time, to HOMER. In the Rear of all was slowly drawn along an odd Carriage, rather than a Chariot, which had its Sides artfully turn'd, and carv'd so as to bear a Resemblance to the Heads of snarling Mastiffs. In this was born, as led in Triumph, a tall Image of Deformity, whose Head was bald, and wound about with Nettles for a Chaplet. The Tongue lay lolling out, to shew a Contempt of Mankind, and was fork'd at the End, to confess its Love to Detraction. The Hands were manacled behind, and the Fingers arm'd with long Nails, to cut deep through the Margins of Authors. Its Vesture was of the Paper of *Nilus*, bearing inscrib'd upon its Breast in Capital Letters, *ZOILUS the HOMERO-MASTIX*; and all the rest of it was scrawl'd with various Monsters of that River, as Emblems of those Productions with which that Critick us'd to fill his Papers. When they had reach'd the Temple, where the King and his Court were already plac'd to behold them from its Galleries, the Image of *ZOILUS* was hung upon a Gibbet, there erected for it, with such loud Acclamations as witness'd the People's Satisfaction. This being finish'd, the *Hours* knock'd at the Gates, which flew open, and discover'd the Statue of HOMER magnificently Seated, with the Pictures of those Cities which contended for his Birth, rang'd in Order around him. Then they who represented the Deities in the Procession, laying aside their Ensigns of Divinity, usher'd in the Men of Learning with a Sound of Voices, and their various Instruments, to assist at a Sacrifice in Honour of *Apollo* and his Favourite HOMER.

It may be easily believ'd, that *ZOILUS* concluded his Affairs were at the utmost Point of Desperation in *Aegypt*; wherefore, fill'd with Pride, Scorn, Anger, Vexation, Envy, (and whatever cou'd torment him, except the Knowledge of his Unworthiness) he flung himself aboard the first Ship which left that Country. As it happen'd, the Vessel he sail'd in was bound for *Asia Minor*, and this landing him at a Port the nearest to *Smyrna*, he was a little pleas'd amidst his Misery to think of decrying HOMER in another Place where he was
ador'd

The Life of ZOILUS.

ador'd, and which chiefly pretended to his Birth. So incorrigible was his Disposition, that no Experience taught him any thing which might contribute to his Ease and Safety.

And as his Experience wrought nothing on him, so neither did the Accidents, which the Opinion of those times took for ominous Warnings: For, he is reported to have seen the Night he came to *Smyrna*, a venerable Person, such as HOMER is describ'd by Antiquity, threatening him in a Dream; and in the Morning he found a Part of his Works gnaw'd by *Mice*, which, says *Ælian*, are of all Beasts the most prophetick; insomuch that they know when to leave a House, even before its Fall is suspected. Envy, which has no Relaxation, still hurry'd him forward, for it is certainly true, that a Man has not firmer Resolution from Reason, to stand by a good Principle, than Obstinacy from perverted Nature, to adhere to a bad one.

In the Morning as he walk'd the Street, he observ'd in some Places Inscriptions concerning HOMER, which inform'd him where he liv'd, where he had taught School, and several other Particularities which the *Smyrneans* glory to have recorded of him; all which awaken'd and irritated the Passions of ZOILUS. But his Temper was quite overthrown, by the venerable Appearance which he saw, upon entring the *Homereum*; which is a Building compos'd of a Library, Porch, and Temple erected to HOMER. Here a Phrenzy seiz'd him which knew no Bounds; he rav'd violently against the Poet, and all his Admirers; he trampled on his Works, he spurn'd about his Commentators, he tore down his Busts from the Niches, threw the Medals that were cast of him out of the Windows, and passing from one Place to another, beat the aged Priests, and broke down the Altar. The Cries which were occasioned by this Means brought in many upon him; who observ'd with Horror how the most sacred Honours of their City were prophan'd by the frantick Impiety of a Stranger; and immediately dragg'd him to Punishment before their Magistrates, who were then sitting. He was no sooner there, but known for ZOILUS by some in Court, a Name a long time most hateful to *Smyrna*; which, as it valu'd it-self upon the Birth of HOMER, so bore more impatiently than other Places, the Abuses offer'd him. This made them eager to propitiate his Shade, and claim to themselves

The Life of ZOILUS.

themselves a second Merit by the Death of ZOILUS; wherefore they sentenc'd him to suffer by Fire, as the due Reward of his Desecrations; and order'd, that their City shou'd be purify'd by a Lustration, for having entertain'd so impious a Guest. In Pursuance to this Sentence, he was led away, with his Compositions born before him by the publick Executioner: Then was he fasten'd to the Stake, prophesying all the while how many shou'd arise to revenge his Quarrel: Particularly, that when *Greek* shou'd be no more a Language, there shall be a Nation which will both *translate* HOMER into *Prose*, and *contract* him in *Verse*. At last, his Compositions were lighted to set the Pile on Fire, and he expir'd fighting for the Loss of them, more than for the Pain he suffer'd: And perhaps too, because he might foresee in his prophetick Rapture, that there shou'd arise a Poet in another Nation, able to do HOMER Justice, and make him known amongst his People to future Ages.

Thus dy'd this noted Critick, of whom we may observe from the Course of the History, that as several Cities contended for the Honour of the Birth of HOMER, so several have contended for the Honour of the Death of ZOILUS. With him likewise perish'd his great Work on the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssees*; concerning which we observe also, that as the known Worth of HOMER's Poetry makes him survive himself with Glory; so the bare Memory of ZOILUS's Criticism makes him survive himself with Infamy. These are deservedly the Consequences of that *ill Nature* which made him fond of Detraction; that *Envy*, which made him chuse so excellent a Character for its Object; and those *partial Methods* of *Injustice* with which he treated the Object he had chosen.

Yet how many commence Criticks after him, upon the same unhappy Principles? How many labour to destroy the Monuments of the Dead, and summon up the Great from their Graves to answer for Trifles before them? How many, by Misrepresentations, both hinder the World from favouring Men of Genius, and discourage them in themselves; like Boughs of a baneful and barren Nature, that shoot a-cross a Fruit-Tree; at once to screen the Sun from it, and hinder it by their Droppings from producing any thing of Value? But if these who thus follow ZOILUS, meet not the same Severities

The Life of ZOILUS.

Severities of Fate, because they come short of his Indefatigableness, or their Object is not so universally the Concern of Mankind; they shall nevertheless meet a Proportion of it in the inward Trouble they give themselves, and the outward Contempt others fling upon them: A Punishment which every one has hitherto felt, who has really deserv'd to be call'd a ZOILUS; and which will always be the natural Reward of such Mens Actions, as long as ZOILUS is the proper Name of *Envy*.



HOMER'S



H O M E R's
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:
OR, THE
B A T T E L
OF THE
F R O G S and *M I C E*.



Names of the MICE. Names of the FROGS.

PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.*

Troxartas, *A Bread-eater.*

Lychomile, *A Licker of Meal.*

Pternotraftas, *A Bacon-eater*

Lychopinax, *A Licker of Dishes.*

Embafichytros, *A creeper into Pots.*

Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*

Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*

Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*

Tyroglyphus, *A Cheese Scooper.*

Pternoglyphus, *A Bacon Scooper.*

Pteinophagus, *A Bacon eater.*

Cniffodioctes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.*

Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*

Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who swells his Cheeks.*

Pelus, *A Name from Mud.*

Hydromeduse, *A Ruler in the Waters.*

Hypsiboas, *A loud Bawler.*

Pelion, *From Mud.*

Seutlæus, *Call'd from the Beets.*

Polyphonus, *A great Babblers.*

Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*

Crambophagus, *A Cabbage-eater.*

Lymnifius, *Call'd from the Lake.*

Calaminthius, *From the Herb.*

Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*

Borborocates, *Who lies in the Mud.*

Prassiphagus, *An eater of Garlick.*

Pelufius, *From Mud.*

Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*

Prassæus, *Call'd from Garlick.*

Craugasides, *From Croaking.*



H O M E R's
BATTEL of the FROGS, &c.

BOOK I.

TO fill my rising Song with sacred Fire,
Ye tuneful *Nine*, ye sweet Celestial Quire!
From *Helicon's* imbow'ring Height repair,
Attend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.
The dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
The Springs of Contest, and the Fields of Fight;
How threat'ning *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
And wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.
Not louder Tumults shook *Olympu's* Tow'rs,
When Earth-born Giants dar'd immortal Pow'rs.
These equal Acts an equal Glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the Tale of Fame.

Once on a Time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching Claws of Death,
 A gentle *Mouse*, whom Cats pursu'd in vain,
 Fled swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring Plain,
 Hung o'er a Brink, his eager Thirst to cool,
 And dipt his Whiskers in the standing Pool;
 When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head;
 And from the Waters, hoarse-responding said,

What art thou, Stranger? What the Line you boast?
 What Chance hath cast thee panting on our Coast?
 With strictest Truth let all thy Words agree,
 Nor let me find a faithless *Mouse* in thee.
 If worthy Friendship, proffer'd Friendship take,
 And ent'ring view the pleasurable Lake:
 Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty share,
 And glad return from hospitable Fare.
 This silver Realm extends beneath my Sway,
 And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
 Great *Phrygnathus* I, from *Peleus*' Race,
 Begot in fair *Hydromede*'s Embrace,
 Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,
 The swift *Eridanus* delights to glide.
 Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port proclaim
 A scepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
 Then trace thy Line, and aid my guessing Eyes,
 Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouse* replies.

Known

Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly
 Thro' wild Expanſes of the midway Sky,
 My Name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
 The Soul of Great *Pſycarpax* lives in me.
 Of brave *Troxartas*' Line, whoſe ſleeky Down
 In Love comprefs'd *Lychomile* the brown.
 My Mother ſhe, and Princeſs of the Plains
 Where-e'er her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:
 Born where a Cabbin liſts its airy Shed,
 With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.
 But ſince our Natures nought in common know,
 From what Foundation can a Friendſhip grow?
 Theſe curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll;
 But Man's high Food ſupports my Princely Soul.
 In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lye
 Conceal'd in Flaſkets from my curious Eye,
 In vain the Tripe that boatts the whiteſt Hue,
 In vain the gilded Bacon ſhuns my View,
 In vain the Cheeſes, Offspring of the Pale,
 Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themſelves regale.
 And as in Arts I ſhine, In Arms I fight,
 Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to Flight.
 Tho' large to mine, the humane Form appear,
 Not *Man* himſelf can ſmite my Soul with Fear.
 Sly to the Bed with ſilent Steps I go,
 Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,

50 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And fix indented Wounds with dext'rous Skill,
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
 Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cause,
 Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and *Cats* with Claws,
 And that false *Trap*, the Den of silent Fate,
 Where *Death* his Ambush plants around the Bait:
 All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
 The potent Warriors of the tabby Vest,
 If to the Dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
 And rend our Heroes of the *nibbling* Race,
 But me, nor Stalks, nor watriſh Herbs delight,
 Nor can the crimson Raddiſh charm my Sight,
 The Lake-refounding *Frogs* ſeleſted Fare,
 Which not a *Mouse* of any Taſte can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his Mind expreſt,
 His Answer thus the croaking King addreſt.

Thy Words luxuriant on thy Dainties rove,
 And, Stranger, we can boaſt of bounteous *Jove*:
 We ſport in Water, or we dance on Land,
 And born amphibious, Food from both command.
 But truſt thy ſelf where Wonders aſk thy View,
 And ſafely tempt thoſe Seas, I'll bear thee thro':
 Aſcend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
 And reach my marſhy Court, and feaſt in State.

He

He laid, and bent his Back ; with nimble Bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his Arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad Survey
The winding Banks resembling Ports at Sea.
But when aloft the curling Water rides,
And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
His Thoughts grow conscious of approaching Woe,
His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
His Locks he rends, his trembling Feet he rears,
Thick beats his Heart with unaccustom'd Fears ;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for Shore :
His Tail extended forms a fruitless Oar,
Half-drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.

So pass'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous Way ;
With oary Feet the *Bull* triumphant rode,
And safe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.
Ah safe at last ! may thus the *Frog* support
My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.

As thus he sorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
Lo ! from the deep a *Water-Hydra* rose ;
He rolls his sanguin'd Eyes, his Bosom heaves,
And darts with active Rage along the Waves.
Confus'd, the Monarch sees his hissing Foe,
And dives to shun the fable Fates below.

52 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

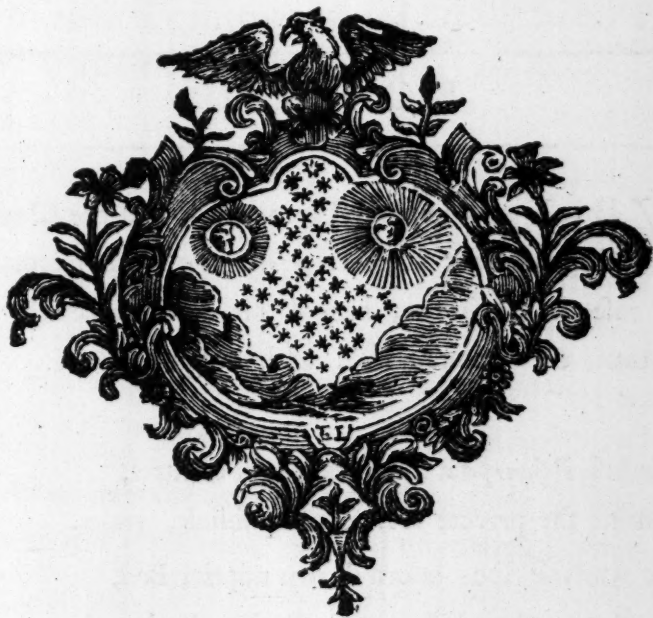
Forgetful *Frog*! The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.
He grasps with fruitless Hands to find Relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief,
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain.
The weighty Moisture clogs his hairy Vest,
And thus the *Prince* his dying Rage exprest.

Nor thou, that flings me flound'ring from thy Back,
As from hard Rocks rebounds the shatt'ring Wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy Due, perfidious King!
Pursu'd by Vengeance on the swiftest Wing:
At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,
At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine.
But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching Eyes:
Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd.
His Death the young *Lychnopanax* espy'd,
As on the flow'ry Brink, he pass'd the Day,
Bask'd in the Beams, and loyter'd Life away.
Loud shrieks the *Mouse*, his Shrieks the Shores repeat;
'The nibbling Nation learn their Heroe's Fate:
Grief, dismal Grief ensues; deep Murmurs sound,
And shriller Fury fills the deafn'd Ground.
From Lodge to Lodge the *Sacred Heralds* run,
'To fix their Council with the Rising-Sun;

where

Where great *Troxartas* crown'd in Glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains;
Psyarpax Father, Father now no more!
 For poor *Psyarpax* lies remote from Shore;
 Supine he lies! the silent Waters stand,
 And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!





H O M E R's
 BATTEL of the FROGS, &c.

B O O K II.

W H E N rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
 Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the Nation crouds,
 Slow rose the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious Breast,
 And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, addrest.

For lo! *Pfycarpax* much my Soul endures,
 'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours.
 Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
 Three Sons, alas, before their Father dead!
 Our Eldest perish'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,
 As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful sat.
 Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
 The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,

Dir

Dire *Arts* assist the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
 And Men un pitying kill'd my *gallant Boy*!
 The last, his *Country's* Hope, his *Parent's* Pride,
 Plung'd in the Lake by *Phygnathus*, dy'd.
 Rouse all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
 And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.

His Words in ev'ry Breast inspir'd Alarms,
 And careful *Mars* supply'd their Host with Arms.
 In verdant Hulls despoil'd of all their Beans,
 The buskin'd Warriors stalk'd along the Plains:
 Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corselet made,
 Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they slay'd:
 The Lamp's round Bos affords their ample Shield;
 Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
 And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,
 Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
 Dreadful in Arms the marching *Mice* appear;
 The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the Tumult near,
 Forfake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
 And ask, and hearken, whence the Noises spring.
 When near the Croud, disclos'd to publick View,
 The valliant Chief *Embafchyrtos* drew:
 The sacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
 And thus his Words exprest his King's Command.

Ye *Frogs*! the *Mice* with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
 And deckt in Armour shake the shining Lance:

Their

56 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Their hapless Prince by *Phygnathus* slain,
 Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.
 Then arm your Host, the doubtful Battel try ;
 Lead forth those *Frogs* that have the Soul to die.

The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,
 And proudly-swelling yet perplex'd appear,
 Much they resent, yet much their *Monarch* blame,
 Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted Fame.

O Friends, I never forc'd the *Mouse* to Death,
 Nor saw the Gaspings of his latest Breath.
 He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
 And vent'rous, in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.
 To Vengeance now by false Appearance led,
 They point their Anger at my guiltless Head.
 But wage the rising War by deep Device,
 And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*.
 Your *King* directs the Way, my Thoughts elate
 With Hopes of Conquest, form Designs of Fate.
 Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
 And the steep Sides confine the sleeping Wave,
 There, near the Margin, clad in Armour bright,
 Sustain the first impetuous Shocks of Fight :
 Then, where the dancing Feather joins the Crest,
 Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouse* arrest ;
 Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a Foe,
 Till countless Circles whirl the Lake below ;

Down

Down sink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd ;
 Loud flash the Waters ; and the Shores resound :
 The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
 And raise their glorious Trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts
 Redoubling Ardour to the boldest Hearts.
 Green was the Suit his arming Heroes chose,
 Around their Legs the Graves of Mallows close,
 Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
 And green the Colewort, which the Target made.
 Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
 Their glossy Helmets glist'ned o'er the Field :
 And tap'ring Sea-Reeds for the polish'd Spear,
 With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.
 Thus dress'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
 Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where *Jove's* irradiate Spires arise,
 With Stars surrounded in Æthereal Skies,
 (A Solemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
 Unbar ; the Gods assume their golden Seats :
 The Sire superior leans, and points to show
 What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below :
 How strong, how large, the num'rous Heroes stride !
 What Length of Lance they shake with warlike Pride !
 What eager Fire, their rapid March reveals !
 So fierce *Centaurus* ravag'd o'er the Dales ;

And

58 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

And so confirm'd, the daring *Titans* rose,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.

This seen, the Pow'r his sacred Visage rears,
He casts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,
And asks what heav'nly Guardians take the List,
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* assist?

Then thus to *Pallas*. If my Daughter's Mind
Have join'd the *Mice*, why stays she still behind;
Drawn forth by sav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
And sure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
Where while the Victims gratify their Taste,
They sport to please the Goddess of the Feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious Skies,
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.
In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,
To such thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid.
My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my chrystal Lamps of feeding Oil.
(Ills following Ills) but what afflicts me more,
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentless Wretches! all the Work was mine!
Along the Loom the purple Warp I spread,
Cast the light Shoot, and crost the silver Thread;

In this their Teeth a thousand Breaches tear,
The thousand Breaches skilful Hands repair,
For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
(The Gods, that use no Coin, have none to give.
And Learning's Goddesses never less can owe,
Neglected Learning gains no Wealth below.)
Nor let the *Frogs* to win my Succour sue,
Those clam'rous Fools have lost my Favour too.
For late, when all the Conflict ceas'd at Night,
When my stretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,
When spent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
And sunk for Slumber on my swelling Shield;
Lo from the Deep, repelling sweet Repose,
With noisy Croakings half the Nation rose:
Devoid of Rest, with aching Brows I lay,
'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimson Dawn of Day.
Let all, like me, from either Host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear,
Let heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
Adorn the Conquest of a meaner Foe.
Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous Odds.
Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.

So mov'd the *blue-ey'd Queen*; her Words persuade,
Great *Jove* assented, and the rest obey'd.

HOMER's



H O M E R's
BATTEL of the FROGS, &c.

B O O K III.

NOW Front to Front the marching Armies shine,
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line :
The Chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud Signal to the rushing War ;
Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets Sound,
The founded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,
Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.

First to the Fight the large *Hyppobas* flew,
And brave *Lychenor* with a Javelin flew.
The luckless Warrior fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the Post of Fame ;

When

When in his Liver struck, the Javelin hung ;
The *Mouse* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung ;
Prone to the Ground, he sinks his closing Eye,
And foil'd in Dust his lovely Tresses lie.

A Spear at *Pelion Troglodites* cast,
The missive Spear within the Bosom past ;
Death's fable Shades the fainting *Frog* surround,
And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.
Embascyctros felt *Seutlaeus'* Dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting Heart ;
But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the slain,
And big *Seutlaeus* tumbling loads the Plain,
And *Polyphonus* dies, a *Frog* renown'd,
For boastful Speech and Turbulence of Sound,
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his Soul against the Face of Day.

The strong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire,
A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire ;
And fiercely flung where *Troglodites* fought ;
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
(A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of sure Retreat,
But Arts in vain elude impending Fate ;)
Full on his finewy Neck the Fragment fell,
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious Name)
Striding advanc'd and took no wand'ring Aim ;

Thro'

62 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Thro' all the *Frog* the shining Jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd *Mouse* the Victor dies.

The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
Long bred to Banquets, less inur'd to Fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the Steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the Deep;
Lychenor following with a downward Blow,
Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood
Distains the Surface of the Silver Flood;
Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,
And slow the breathless Carcass floats along.

Lymnifus good *Tyroglyphus* affails,
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
Loft to the milky Fares and rural Seat,
He came to perish on the Bank of Fate.

The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
Which tender *Calaminthius* shuns by Flight,
Drops the green Target, springing quits the Foe,
Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below.
But dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceness more,
His Parents fed him on the savage Boar;

But

But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd, *Hydrocharis* pursu'd,
'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a shatt'ring Stone
Sounds on the Neck, and crushes all the Bone,
His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
And from his Nostrils bursts the gushing Brain.

Lychnopanax with *Borbocætes* fights
A blameless *Frog* whom humbler Life delights ;
The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And Darkness seals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.

Incens'd *Præfophagus* with spritely Bound,]
Bears *Cnissiodortes* off the rising Ground,
Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his Soul to Death.
But now the great *Psycarpax* shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose Loss provok'd the War)
Swift to revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
And thro' the Liver struck *Pelufius* dead ;
His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
His Soul indignant fought the Shades of Hell.

This saw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
Heav'd with both Hands a monstrous Mass of Mud,
The Cloud obscene o'er all the Hero flies,
Dishonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.

Enrag'd

64 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the Shore
 A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,
 A Load for lab'ring Earth, (whose Bulk to raise,
 Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.)
 Full on the Leg arrives the crushing Wound ;
 The *Frog* supportless, wriths upon the Ground.

Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless Force,
 'Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his Course,
 Hoarse-croaking Threats precede ! with fatal Speed
 Deep thro' the Belly run the pointed Reed,
 Then strongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
 And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore,

The lame *Sitophagus* oppress'd with Pain,
 Creeps from the desp'rate Dangers of the Plain ;
 And where the Ditches rising Weeds supply
 To spread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
 There lurks the silent *Mouse* reliev'd from Heat,
 And safe embow'r'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.

But here *Troxartas*, *Phygnathus* there,
 Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear :
 But where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and *Phygnathus* flies,
 Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,
 And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind.

The

The *Mouſe* ſtill urges, ſtill the *Frog* retires,
And half in Anguiſh of the Flight expires.

Then pious Ardor young *Præſæus* brings,
Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings :
Lank, harmleſs *Frog* ! with Forces hardly grown,
He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartas*' Shield,
Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant Prince that far tranſcends his Years,
Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his Houſe,
And more a *Mars* in Combat than a *Mouſe* :
His Action bold, robuſt his ample Frame,
And *Meridarpax* his reſounding Name.
The Warrior ſingled from the fighting Crowd,
Boaſts the dire Honours of his Arm aloud ;
Then ſtrutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
To all its Nations threats approaching Fate.
And ſuch his Strength, the Silver Lakes around
Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.
But pow'rful *Jove*, who ſhews no leſs his Grace
To *Frogs* that periſh, than to humane Race,
Felt ſoft Compaſſion riſing in his Soul,
And ſhook his ſacred Head, that ſhook the Pole.
Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began
The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mice*, and *Man*.

What

66 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

What Seas of Blood I view ! what Worlds of slain !
 An Iliad rising from a Day's Campaign !
 How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
 The black-fur'd Hero *Meridarpax* shakes !
 Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
 Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.
 Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with Pity fly,
 And make her *Ægis* blaze before his Eye :
 While *Mars* refulgent on his ratling Car,
 Arrests his raging Rival of the War.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
 When thus the glorious God of Combats said.
 Nor *Pallas*, *Jove* ! tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
 With all the the Terrors of her hissing Shield,
 Nor *Mars* himself, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
 Ascend his Car, and wheel amidst the Fight ;
 Not these can drive the desp'rate *Mouſe* afar,
 Or change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
 Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms arise,
 Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
 Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
 When heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
 When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
 And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.

'Twas thus th'Armipotent advis'd the Gods,
 When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,

Deep

Deep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
Olympus trembles as the Thunders roll.

Then swift he whirls the brandish'd Bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant Ground,
The Bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,
And rends its flaming Passage thro' the Skies,
Then *Earth's* Inhabitants, the Niblers, shake,
And *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the *Waters*, quake,
Yet still the *Mice* advance their dread Design,
And the last Danger threatens the croaking Line,
'Till *Jove* that inly mourn'd the Loss they bore,
With strange Assistants fill'd the frighted Shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
They march, a sudden unexpected Crew !
Strong Suits of Armour round their Bodies close,
Which, like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows ;
In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go ;
With harpy Claws their Limbs divide below ;
Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command ;
From out the Flesh their Bones by Nature stand ;
Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise ;
Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs ;
With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd ;
Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd ;
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread ;
And either End alike supplies a Head.

These

3 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

These, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree,
The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
The Heroes Tails with sev'ring Grasps they rend.
Here, short of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,
There, without Hands, upon the Field they lie.
Wrench'd from their Holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.
Helpless Amazement, Fear pursuing Fear,
And mad Confusion thro' their Host appear :
O'er the wild Wast with headlong Flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the Western Seas
Far-shooting *Phæbus* drove with fainter Rays ;
And a whole War (so *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.





Z O I L U S's REMARKS.

*Ingenium magni Livor detractat Amici,
Quisquis & ex illo Zoile nomen habes.*



MUST do my Reader the Justice, before I enter upon these NOTES of ZOILUS, to inform him, that I have not in any Author met this Work ascrib'd to him by its Title, which has made me not mention it in the LIFE. But thus much in general appears, that he wrote several Things besides his Censure on the *Iliad*, which, as it gives Ground for this Opinion, encourages me to offer an Account of the Treatise.

Being acquainted with a grave Gentleman who searches after Editions, purchases Manuscripts, and collects Copies, I applied to him for some Editions of this Poem, which he readily oblig'd me with. But, added he, taking down a Paper, I doubt I shall discourage you from your Translation, when I show this Work, which is written upon

the Original, by ZOILUS, the famous Adversary of HOMER. ZOILUS! said I with Surprise, I thought his Works had long since perish'd. They have so, answer'd he, all, except this little Piece, which has a PREFACE annex'd to it accounting for its Preservation. It seems, when he parted from *Macedon*, he left this behind him where he lodg'd, and where no one enter'd for a long time, in Detestation of the Odiousness of his Character, 'till *Mævius* arriving there in his Travels, and being desirous to lie in the same Room, luckily found it, and brought it away with him. This the Author of the *Preface* imagins the Reason of *Horace's* wishing *Mævius* in the 10th *Epode*, such a Shipwrack as HOMER describes; as it were with an Eye to his having done something disadvantageous to that Poet. From *Mævius*, the Piece came into the Hand of *Carbilius Pictor*, (who, when he wrote against *Virgil*, call'd his Book, with a respectful Imitation of ZOILUS, the *Ænidomastix*) and from him into the Hands of others who are unknown, because the World apply'd to them no other Name than that of ZOILUS, in Order to sink their own in Oblivion. Thus it ever found some learned Philologist or Critick to keep it secret, from the Rage of HOMER's Admirers; yet not so secret, but that it has still been communicated among the *Literati*. I am of Opinion, that our great *Scaliger* borrow'd it, to work him up when he writ so sharply against *Cardan*; and perhaps *Le Clerc* too, when he prov'd *Q. Curtius* ignorant of every particular Branch of Learning.

This formal Account made me give Attention to what the Book contain'd; and I must acknowledge, that whether it be his, or the Work of some Grammarian, it appears to be writ in his Spirit. The open Profession of Enmity to great Genius's, and the Fear of nothing so much as that he may not be able to find Faults enough, are such Resemblances of his strongest Features, that any one might take it for his own Production. To give the World a Notion of this, I have made a Collection of some REMARKS, which most struck me, during that short time in which I was allow'd to peruse the Manuscript.



THE
REMARKS
OF
ZOILUS
UPON
HOMER'S BATTLE
OF THE
Frogs and Mice.

Book I. Page 47. line 1.



O fill my rising Song] *As Protagoras the Sophist found Fault with the Beginning of the Iliad, for its speaking to the Muse rather with an abrupt Command, than a solemn Invocation; so I, says ZOILUS, do on the other Hand find Fault with him for using any Invocation at all before this Poem, or any such Trifles as he is Author of. If he must use one, Protagoras is in the right; if not, I am: This*

I hold for true Criticism, notwithstanding the Opinion of Aristotle against us. Nor let any one lay a Stress on Aristotle in this Point; he alas! knows nothing of Poetry but what he has read in HOMER; his Rules are all extracted from him, or founded in him. In short, HOMER's Works are the Examples of Aristotle's Precepts, and Aristotle's Precepts the Methods HOMER wrought by. From hence it is to be concluded as the Opinion of this Critick, that whoever would entirely destroy the Reputation of HOMER, must renounce the Authority of *Aristotle* before-hand. The Rules of Building may be of Service to us, if we design to judge of an Edifice, and discover what may be amiss in it for the Advantage of future Artificers; but they are of no Use to those who only intend to overthrow it utterly.

After the Word [*Song*] in the first Line, the Original adds, [*What I have written in my Tablets.*] These Words, which are drop'd in the Translation as of no Consequence, the Great ZOILUS has thought fit to expunge; asserting for a Reason, without backing it with farther Proof, *That Tablets were not of so early Invention.* Now, it must be granted, this Manner of *proving by Affirmation* is of an extraordinary Nature, but however it has its End with a Set of Readers for whom it is adapted. One Part of the World knows not with what Assurance another Part can express itself. They imagine a reasonable Creature will not have the Face to say any thing which has not some Shadow of Reason to support it; and run implicitly into the Snare which is laid for good Nature, by these daring Authors of definitive Sentences upon bare Assertion.

BOOK I. page 48. line 3. *Whom Cats pursu'd*] The Greek Word here expressly signifies a Cat: ZOILUS, whom *Perizonius* follows, affirms, *It was Weezils which the Mouse fled from*; and then objects against its Probability. But it is common with one Sort of Criticks, to shew an Author means differently from what he really did, and then to prove, that the Meaning which *they* find out for him is good for nothing.

BOOK I. page 48. line 13. *If worthy Friendship*] In this Proposal begins the Moral of the whole Piece, which is, that hasty, ill-founded, or unnatural Friendships and Leagues, will naturally end in War and Discord. But ZOILUS, who

is here mightily concern'd to take off from HOMER all the Honour of having design'd a Moral, asserts on the other Hand, *That the Poet's whole Intent was to make a Fable; that a Fable he has made, and one very idle and trifling; that many Things are ascribed to HOMER, which poor HOMER never dream'd of; and he who finds them out rather shews his own Parts than discovers his Author's Beauties.* In this Opinion has he been follow'd by several of those Criticks, who only dip into Authors when they have Occasion to write against them: And yet even these shall speak differently concerning the Design of Writers, if the Question be of their own Performances; for to their own Works they write *Prefaces*, to display the Grandness of the Moral, Regularity of the Scheme, Number and Brightness of the Figures, and a Thousand other Excellencies, which if they did not tell, no one would ever imagine. For others, they write *Remarks*, which tend to contract their Excellencies within the narrow Compass of their partial Apprehension. It were well if they cou'd allow such to be as wise as themselves, whom the World allows to be much wiser: But their being naturally Friends to themselves, and professedly Adversaries to some greater Genius, easily accounts for these different Manners of Speaking. I will not leave this Note, without giving you an Instance of its Practice in the great *Julius Scaliger*: He has been free enough with HOMER in the *Remarks* he makes upon him; but when he speaks of himself, I desire my Reader would take Notice of his Modesty; I give his own Words, *I lib. 3. Poet. Cap. 112. In Deum Patrem Hymnum cum scriberemus tanquam rerum omnium conditorem, ab orbis ipsius creatione ad nos nostraq; usq; duximus. — In quo abduximus animum nostrum à corporis carcere ad liberos campos contemplationis quæ me in illum transformaret. Tum autem sanctissimi Spiritus ineffabilis vigor ille tanto ardore celebratus est, ut cum lenissimis numeris esset inchoatus Hymnus, repentino divini Ignis impetu conflagravit.*

BOOK I. page 49. line 15. *The circled Loaves.*] ZOILUS here finds Fault with the mention of *Loaves, Tripes, Bacon and Cheese*, as Words below the Dignity of the Epick, as much (says he) as it wou'd be to have opprobrious Names given in it. By which Expression we easily see, he hints at

the first Book of the *Iliad*. Now, we must consider in Answer, that it is a *Mouse* which is spoken of, that Eating is the most appearing Characteristick of that Creature, that these Foods are such as please it most; and to have describ'd particular Pleasures for it in any other Way, would have been as incongruous, as to have describ'd a haughty loud Anger without those Names which it throws out in its Fierceness, and which raise it to its Pitch of Phrenzy. In the one Instance you still see a *Mouse* before you, however the Poet raises it to a Man; in the other you shall see a Man before you; however the Poet raises him to a Demi-God. But some call that *low*, which others call *natural*. Every Thing has two Handles, and the Critick who sets himself to censure all he meets, is under an Obligation still to lay hold on the worst of them.

BOOK I. page 50. line 11. *But me, nor Stalks*] In this Place ZOILUS laughs at the Ridiculousness of the Poet, who (according to his Representation) makes a Prince refuse an Invitation in Heroicks, because he did not like the Meat he was invited to. And, that the Ridicule may appear in as strong a Light to others as to himself, he puts as much of the Speech as concerns it into Burlesque Airs and Expressions. This is indeed a common Trick with Remarkers, which they either Practice by Precedent from their Master ZOILUS, or are beholding for it to the same Turn of Temper, we acknowledge it a fine Piece of Satyr, when there is Folly in a Passage, to lay it open in the Way by which it naturally requires to be expos'd: Do this handsomely, and the Author is deservedly a Jest. If, on the contrary, you dress a Passage which was not originally foolish, in the highest Humour of Ridicule, you only frame something which the Author himself might laugh at, without being more nearly concern'd than another Reader.

BOOK I. page 51. line 15. *So pass'd Europa.*] This Simile makes ZOILUS, who sets up for a profess'd Enemy of Fables, to exclaim violently. *We had*, says he, *a Frog and a Mouse hitherto, and now we get a Bull and a Princess to illustrate their Actions: when will there be an End of this Fabling-Folly and Poetry, which I value my self for being unacquainted with? O great Polyocrates, how happily hast thou observ'd in thy Accusation against Socrates,*
That

That whatever he was before, he deserv'd his Poison when he began to make Verses! Now, if the Question be concerning HOMER's good or bad Poetry, this is an unqualifying Speech, which affords his Friends just Grounds of Exception against the Critick. Wherefore, be it known to all Present and future Censors, who have, or shall presume to glory in an Ignorance of Poetry, and at the same time take upon them to judge Poets, that they are in all their Degrees for ever excluded the Post they would usurp. In the first Place, they who know neither the Use, nor Practice of the Art; in the second, they who know it but by Halves, who have Hearts insensible of the Beauties of Poetry, and are however able to find Fault by Rules; and thirdly, they who, when they are capable of perceiving Beauties and pointing out Defects, are still so ignorant in the Nature of their Business, as to imagine the Province of Criticism extends itself only on the Side of Dispraise and Reprehension. How cou'd any one at this Rate be seen with his proper Ballance of Perfection and Error? or what were the best Performances in this Indulgence of ill Nature, but as Apartments hung with the Deformities of Humanity, done by some great Hand, which are the more to be abhorr'd, because the Praise and Honour they receive, results from the Degree of Uneasiness, to which they put every Temper of common Goodness?

BOOK I. page 52. line 16. *Ye Mice, ye Mice*] The Ancients believ'd that Heroes were turn'd into Demi-Gods at their Death; and in general, that departing Souls have something of a Sight into Futurity. It is either this Notion, or a Care which the Gods may take to abate the Pride of insulting Adversaries, which a Poet goes upon, when he makes his Leaders die foretelling the End of those by whom they are slain. ZOILUS however is against this Passage. He says, *That every Character ought to be strictly kept; that a General ought not to invade the Character of a Prophet, nor a Prophet of a General.* He is positive, *That nothing shou'd be done by any one, without having been hinted at in some previous Account of him.* And this he asserts, without any Allowance made either for a Change of States, or the Design of the Gods. To confirm this Observation, he strengthens it with a Quotation out of

his larger Work on the *Iliads*, where he has these Words upon the Death of *Hector*: *How foolish is it in HOMER to make Hector (who through the whole Course of the Iliad had made use of Helenus, to learn the Will of the Gods) become a Prophet just at his Death? Let every one be what he ought without falling into those Parts which others are to sustain in a Poem.* This he has said, not distinguishing rightly between our natural Dispositions and accidental Offices. And this he has said again, not minding, that tho' it be taken from another Book, it is still from the same Author. However, Vanity loves to gratify itself by the Repetition of what it esteems to be written with Spirit, and even when we repeat it ourselves, provided another hears us. Hence has he been follow'd by a magisterial Set of Men who quote themselves, and swell their new Performances with what they admire in their former Treatises. This is a most extraordinary Knack of Arguing, whereby a Man can never want a Proof, if he be allow'd to become an Authority for his own Opinion.

BOOK I. page 53. line 6. *And no kind Billow.] How impertinent is this Case of Pity, says ZOILUS, to bemoan, that the Prince was not toss'd towards Land: It is enough he lost his Life, and there is an End of his Suffering where there is an End of his Feeling. To carry the Matter farther is just the same foolish Management as HOMER has shewn in his Iliads, which he spins out into forty Trifles beyond the Death of Hector.* But the Critick must allow me to put the Readers in Mind, that Death was not the last Distress the Ancients believ'd was to be met upon Earth. The last was the remaining unbury'd, which had this Misery annex'd, that while the Body was without its Funeral-Rites in this World, the Soul was suppos'd to be without Rest in the next. Which was the Case of the *Mouse* before us. And accordingly the *Ajax* of *Sophocles* continues after the Death of its Heroe more than an Act, upon the Context concerning his Burial. All this ZOILUS knew very well: But ZOILUS is not the only one, who disputes for Victory rather than Truth. These foolish Criticks write even Things they themselves can answer, to shew how much they can write against an Author. They act unfairly, that they may be sure to be sharp enough; and trifle with the Reader,

Reader, in order to be voluminous. It is needless to wish them the Return they deserve: Their Disregard to Candour is no sooner discover'd, but they are for ever banish'd from the Eyes of Men of Sense, and condemn'd to wander from Stall to Stall, for a temporary Refuge from that Oblivion which they can't escape.

BOOK II. page 54. line 9. *Our Eldest perish'd*] ZOILUS has here taken the *Recapitulation of those Misfortunes which happen'd to the Royal Family, as an Impertinence that expatiates from the Subject*; tho' indeed there seems nothing more proper to raise that Sort of Compassion, which was to enflame his Audience to War. But what appears extremely pleasant is, that at the same time he condemns the Passage, he shou'd make use of it as an Opportunity, to fall into an ample Digression on the various Kinds of Mouse-Traps, and display that minute Learning which every Critick of his Sort is fond to shew himself Master of. This they imagine is tracing of Knowledge thro' its hidden Veins, and bringing Discoveries to Day-light, which Time had cover'd over. Indefatigable and useless Mortals! who value themselves for Knowledge of no Consequence, and think of gaining Applause by what the Reader is careful to pass over unread. What did the Disquisition signify formerly, whether *Ulysses's* Son, or his Dog, was the elder? or how can the Account of a Vesture, or a Player's Masque, deserve that any shou'd write the Bulk of a Treatise, or others read it when it is written; A Vanity thus poorly supported, which neither affords Pleasure nor Profit, is the unsubstantial Amusement of a Dream to our selves, and a provoking Occasion of our Derision to others.

BOOK II. page 55. line 11. *Quils aptly bound—
Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they slay'd.*] This Passage is something difficult in the Original, which gave ZOILUS the Opportunity of inventing an Expression, which his Followers conceitedly use when any thing appears dark to them. *This, say they, let Phœbus explain*; as if what exceeds their Capacity must of Necessity demand Oracular Interpretations, and an Interposal of the God of Wit and Learning. The Basis of such Arrogance is the Opinion they have of that Knowledge they ascribe to themselves. They take Criticism to be beyond every other Part.

of Learning, because it gives Judgment upon Books written in every other Part. They think in Consequence, that every Critick must be a greater Genius than any Author whom he censures; and therefore if they esteem themselves Criticks, they set enthron'd Infancy at the Head of Literature. Criticism indeed deserves a noble Elogy, when it is enlarg'd by such a comprehensive Learning as *Aristotle* and *Cicero* were Masters of; when it adorns its Precepts with the consummate Exactness of *Quintilian*, or is exalted into the sublime Sentiments of *Longinus*. But let not such Men tell us they participate in the Glory of these great Men, and place themselves next to *Phæbus*, who, like *ZOILUS*, entangle an Author in the Wrangles of Grammarians, or try him with a positive Air and barren Imagination, by the Set of Rules they have collected out of others.

BOOK II. *page 55. line 25. Ye Frogs, the Mice.*] At this Speech of the Heralds, which recites the Cause of the War, *ZOILUS* is angry with the Author, for not finding out a Cause entirely just; for, says he, it appears not from his own Fable, that *Phygnathus* invited the Prince with any malicious intention to make him away. To this we answer, 1st. That it is not necessary in relating Facts to make every War have a just Beginning. 2dly, This doubtful Cause agrees better with the Moral, by shewing that ill-founded Leagues have Accidents to destroy them, even without the Intention of Parties. 3dly, There was all Appearance imaginable against the Frogs; and if we may be allowed to retort on our Adversary the Practice of his Posterity, there is more Humanity in an Hostility proclaim'd upon the Appearance of Injustice done us, than in their Custom of attacking the Works of others as soon as they come out, purely because they are esteem'd to be good. Their Performances, which could derive no Merit from their own Names, are then sold upon the Merit of their Antagonist: And if they are sensible of Fame, or even of Envy, they have the Mortification to remember, how much by this Means they became indebted to those they injure.

BOOK II. page 56. line 19. *Where high the Banks.*] This Project is not put in Practice during the following Battel, by Reason of the Fury of the Combatants: Yet the mention of it is not impertinent in this Place, forasmuch as the probable Face of Success which it carries with it tended to animate the *Frogs*. ZOILUS however cannot be satisfied; *It were better*, says he, *to cut it intirely out, nor wou'd HOMER be the worse if half of him were serv'd in the same Manner*; so, continues he, *they will find it, whoever in any Country shall hereafter undertake so odd a Task, as that of Translating him*. Thus Envy finds Words to put in the Mouth of Ignorance; and the Time will come, when Ignorance shall repeat what Envy has pronounced so rashly.

BOOK II. page 57. line 13. *And tap'ring Sea-Reed.*] If we here take the Reed for that of our own Growth, it is no Spear to match the long Sort of Needles, with which the Mice had arm'd themselves; but the Cane, which is rather intended, has its Splinters stiff and sharp, to answer all the Uses of a Spear in Battel. Nor is it here to be lightly past over, since ZOILUS moves a Question upon it, that the Poet cou'd not choose a more proper Weapon for the *Frogs*, than that which they choose for themselves in a defensive War they maintain with the Serpents of Nile. *They have this Stratagem*, says *Ælian*, *to protect themselves; they swim with Pieces of Cane across their Mouths, of too great a Length for the Breadth of the Serpents Throats; by which Means they are preserv'd from being swallow'd by them*. This is a Quotation so much to the Point, that I ought to have usher'd in my Author with more Pomp to dazzle the Reader. ZOILUS and his Followers, who seldom praise any Man, are however careful to do it for their own Sakes, if at any time they get an Author of their Opinion: Tho' indeed it must be allow'd, they still have a Drawback in their Manner of Praise, and rather choose to drop the Name of their Man, or darkly hint him in a Periphrasis, than to have it appear that they have directly assisted the perpetuating of any one's Memory. Thus, if a Dutch Critick were to introduce for Example *Martial*, he wou'd, instead of naming him, say, *Ingeniosus ille Epigrammaticus Bilbilitus*. Or, if
one

one of our own were to quote from among ourselves, he wou'd tell us how it has been remark'd *in the Works of a learned Writer, to whom the World is oblig'd for many excellent Productions, &c.* All which Proceeding is like boasting of our great Friends, when it is to do our selves an Honour, or the Shift of dressing up one who might otherwise be disregarded, to make him pass upon the World for a responsible Voucher to our own Assertions.

BOOK II. Page 57. line 17. *But now where Jove's.*] At this fine Episode, in which the Gods are introduc'd, ZOILUS has no Patience left him to remark; but runs some Lines with a long String of such Expressions as *Triffler, Fabler, Lyer, foolish, impious*, all which he lavishly heaps upon the Poet. From this Knack of calling Names, join'd with the several Arts of finding Fault, it is to be suspected, that our ZOILUS's might make very able Libellers, and dangerous Men to the Government, if they did not rather turn themselves to be ridiculous Censors: For which Reason I cannot but reckon the State oblig'd to Men of Wit; and under a Kind of Debt in Gratitude, when they take off so much Spleen, Turbulency, and Ill nature, as might otherwise spend itself to the Detriment of the Publick.

BOOK II. page 58. line 7. *If my Daughter's Mind.*] This Speech, which *Jupiter* speaks to *Pallas* with a pleasant Kind of Air, ZOILUS takes gravely to Pieces; and affirms, *It is below Jupiter's Wisdom, and only agreeable with HOMER's Folly, that he shou'd borrow a Reason for her assisting the Mice from their Attendance in the Temple, when they waited to prey upon those Things which were sacred to her.* But the Air of the Speech rendering a grave Answer unnecessary; I shall only offer ZOILUS an Observation in Return for his. There are upon the Stone that is carv'd for the Apotheosis of HOMER, Figures of *Mice* by his Footstool, which, according to *Cuperus*, its Interpreters, some have taken to signify this Poem; and others those Criticks, who tear or vilify the Works of great Men. Now, if such can be compared to *Mice*, let the Words of ZOILUS be brought home to himself and his Followers for their Mortification: *That no one ought to think of meriting in the State of Learning only by debasing the best Performances, and*

as it were preying upon those Things which shou'd be sacred in it.

BOOK II. page 58. line 15. *In vain my Father.*] The Speech of Pallas is dislik'd by ZOILUS, because it makes the Goddess carry a Resentment against such inconsiderable Creatures; though he ought to esteem them otherwise when they represent the Persons and Actions of Men, and teach us how the Gods disregard those in their Adversities who provoke them in Prosperity. But, if we consider Pallas as the Patroness of Learning, we may by an allegorical Application of the *Mice* and *Frogs*, find in this Speech two Sorts of Enemies to Learning; they who are maliciously mischievous, as the *Mice*; and they who are turbulent thro' Ostentation, as the *Frogs*. The first are Enemies to Excellency upon Principle; the second accidentally by the Error of Self-Love, which does not quarrel with the Excellence itself, but only with those People who get more Praise than themselves by it. Thus, tho' they have not the same Perverseness with the others, they are however drawn into the same Practises, while they ruin Reputations, lest they shou'd not seem to be learn'd; as some Women turn Prostitutes, lest they shou'd not be thought handsome enough to have Admirers.

BOOK III. page 60. line 5. *The dreadful Trumpets.*] Upon the reading of this, ZOILUS becomes full of Discoveries. He recollects, that HOMER makes his Greeks come to Battel with Silence, and his Trojans with Shouts, from whence he discovers, that he knew nothing of Trumpets. Again, he sees, that the Hornet is made a Trumpeter to the Battel, and hence he discovers, that the Line must not be HOMER'S. Now had he drawn his Consequences fairly, he cou'd only have found by the one, that Trumpets were not in Use at the taking of Troy; and by the other, that the Battel of *Frogs* and *Mice* was laid by the Poet for a later Scene of Action than that of the *Iliad*. But the Boast of Discoveries accompanies the Affectation of Knowledge; and the Affectation of Knowledge is taken up with a Design to gain a Command over the Opinions of others. It is too heavy a Task for some Criticks to sway our Judgments by rational Inferences; a pompous Pretence must occasion Admiration, the Eyes of Mankind

Mankind must be obscur'd by a Glare of Pedantry, that they may consent to be led blindfold, and permit that an Opinion should be dictated to them without demanding that they may be reason'd into it.

BOOK III. page 61. line 12. *Big Seutlæus Tumbling.* ZOILUS has happen'd to brush the Dust off some old Manuscript, in which the Line that kills *Seutlæus* is wanting. And for this Cause he fixes a general Conclusion, *that there is no Dependance upon any thing which is handed down for HOMER's, so as to allow it Praise; since the different Copies vary amongst themselves.* But is it fair in ZOILUS, or any of his Followers, to oppose one Copy to a Thousand? and are they impartial who wou'd pass this upon us for an honest Ballance of Evidence? When there is such an Inequality on each Side, is it not more than probable that the Number carry the Author's Sense in them, and the single one its Transcriber's Errors? It is Folly or Madness of Passion to be thus given over to Partiality and Prejudices. Men may flourish as much as they please concerning the Value of a new found Edition, in order to byass the World to particular Parts of it; but in a Matter easily decided by common Sense, it will still continue of its own Opinion.

BOOK III. page 63. line 7. *With Borbocætes fights.* J Through the Grammatical Part of ZOILUS's Work he frequently rails at HOMER for his Dialects. *These*, says he in one Place, *the Poet made use of because he could not write pure Greek; and in another, they strangely contributed to his Fame, by making several Cities who observ'd something of their own in his mix'd Language, contend for his being one of their Natives.* Now since I have here practis'd a License in Imitation of his, by short'ning the Word *Borbocætes* a whole Syllable, it seems a good Opportunity to speak for him where I defend my self. Remember then, that any great Genius who introduces Poetry into a Language, has a Power to polish it, and of all the Manners of speaking then in use, to settle that for Poetical which he judges most adapted to the Art. Take Notice too, that HOMER has not only done this for Necessity but for Ornament, since he uses various Dialects to humour his Sense with Sounds which are expressive of it. Thus much in Behalf

Behalf of my Author to answer ZOILUS: As for my self, who deal with his Followers, I must argue from Necessity, that the Word was stubborn, and would not ply to the Quantities of an *English* Verse, and therefore I alter'd it by the *Dialect* we call *Poetical*, which makes my Line so much smother, that I am ready to cry with their Brother *Lipsius*, when he turn'd an O into an I, *Vel ego me amo, vel me amavit Phæbus, quando hoc correxi*. To this let me add a Recrimination upon some of them: As first, such as choose Words written after the Manner of those who preceded the purest Age of a Language, without the Necessity I have pleaded, as *regundi* for *regendi*, *perduit* for *perdidit*, which Restoration of obsolete Words deserves to be call'd a *Critical Licence* or *Dialect*. 2dly, Those who pretending to Verse without an Ear, use the *Poetical Dialect* of *Abbreviation*, so that the Lines shall run the rougher for it. And, 3dly, Those who presume by their *Critical Licences* to alter the Spellings of Words; an Affectation which destroys the Etymology of a Language, and being carried on by private Hands for Fancy or Fashion, wou'd be a thing we shou'd never have an End of.

BOOK III. page 66. line 13. Nor Pallas, *Jove*.] I cannot, says ZOILUS, but reflect upon this Speech of Mars, where a Mouse is oppos'd to the God of War, the Goddess of Valour, the Thunder of Jupiter, and all the Gods at once, but I rejoice to think that Pythagoras saw HOMER's Soul in Hell hanging on a Tree and surrounded with Serpents for what he said of the Gods. Thus he who hates Fables answers one with another, and can rejoice in them when they flatter his Envy. He appears at the Head of his Squadron of Criticks, in the full Spirit of one utterly devoted to a Party; with whom Truth is a Lye, or as bad as a Lye, when it makes against him; and false Quotations pass for Truth, or as good as Truth, when they are necessary to a Cause.

BOOK III. page 68. line 15. And a whole War.] Here, says ZOILUS, is an End of a very foolish Poem, of which by this Time I have effectually convinc'd the World, and silenc'd all such for the future, who, like HOMER, write Fables to which others find Morals, Characters whose Justness is question'd, unnecessary Digressions, and impious Episodes.

But,

But what Assurance can such as ZOILUS have, that the World will ever be convinc'd against an establish'd Reputation, by such People whose Faults in writing are so very notorious? who judge against Rules, affirm without Reasons, and censure without Manners? who quote themselves for a Support of their Opinions, found their Pride upon a Learning in Trifles, and their Superiority upon the Claims they magisterially make? who write of Beauties in a harsh Style, judge of Excellency with a Lowness of Spirit, and pursue their Desire to decry it with every Artifice of Envy? There is no Disgrace in being censur'd, where there is no Credit to be favour'd. But, on the contrary, Envy gives a Testimony of some Perfection in another; and one who is attack'd by many, is like a Hero whom his Enemies acknowledge for such, when they point all the Spears of a Battel against him. In short, an Author who writes for every Age, may even erect himself a Monument of those Stones which envy throws at him: While the Critick who writes against him can have no Fame because he has no Success; or if he fancies he may succeed, he shou'd remember, that by the Nature of his Undertaking he wou'd but undermine his own Foundation; for he is to sink of Course when the Book which he writes against, and for which alone he is read, is lost in Disrepute or Oblivion.





To Mr. POPE.

TO praise, yet still with due Respect to praise,
 A *Bard* triumphant in immortal Bays,
 The *Learn'd* to show, the *Sensible* commend,
 Yet still preserve the Province of the *Friend*,
 What Life, what Vigour, must the Lines require?
 What Musick tune them? what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my Bosom shine!
 Thou shouldst not fail of Numbers worthy thine,
 The brightest Antients might at once agree
 To sing within my Lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself wou'd own thou dost excel
 In candid Arts to play the Critick well,

Ovid

Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom *Wind* for Forest sees a gliding Stream,
On silver Feet, with annual *Ofer* crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetick Ground.

How flame the Glories of *Belinda's* Hair,
Made by thy Muse the Envy of the Fair;
Less shone the Tresses *Egypt's* Princess wore,
Which sweet *Callimachus* so sung before.
Here courtly Trifles set the World at odds,
Belles war with *Beans*, and *Whims* descend for *Gods*,
The new *Machines* in Names of Ridicule,
Mock the grave Phrenzy of the *Chimick* Fool.
But know, ye Fair, a Point conceal'd with Art,
The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* are but a Woman's Heart:
The *Graces* stand in fight; a *Satyr* Train
Peep o'er their Heads, and laugh behind the Scene.

In *Fame's* fair Temple, o'er the boldest Wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred *Virgil* sits,
And sits in Measures, such as *Virgil's* Muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th'alternate Reed with thee,
Perhaps a *Strephon* thou, a *Daphnis* he,
While some old *Damon* o'er the Vulgar wife
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize

Rapt with the Thought my *Fancy* seeks the Plains,
 And turns me Shepherd while I hear the Strains.
 Indulgent Nurse of ev'ry tender Gale,
 Parent of Flowrets, old *Arcadia* hail !
 Here in the cool my Limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy Poplars whisper o'er my Head,
 Still slide thy Waters soft among the Trees ;
 Thy Aspens quiver in a breathing Breeze,
 Smile all thy Vallies in eternal Spring,
 Be hush'd, ye Winds ! while *Pope* and *Virgil* sing.

In *English* Lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy *Homer* warms with all his antient Heat,
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry Sense of great Delight,
 Long has that *Poet* reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant Throne ;
 In all the Majesty of *Greek* retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty Name admir'd,
 His Language failing, wrapt him round with Night,
 Thine rais'd by thee, recalls the Work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that Ages long before
 Fed the large Realms around with Golden Oar,
 When choak'd by sinking Banks, no more appear,
 And Shepherds only say, *The Mines were here : !*
 Shou'd some rich Youth (if Nature warm his Heart,
 And all his Projects stand inform'd with Art)

Here

88 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Here clear the Caves, there ope the leading Vein ;
The Mines detected flame with Gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new Designs !
How ev'ry Musick varies in thy Lines!
Still as I read, I feel my Bosom beat,
And rise in Raptures by another's Heat.
Thus in the Wood, when Summer dress'd the Days,
When *Wind* for lent us tuneful Hours of Ease,
Our Ears the Lark, the Thrush, the Turtle blest,
And *Philomela* sweetest o're the rest :
The Shades resound with Song——O softly tread !
While a whole Season warbles round my Head.

This to my Friend——and when a Friend inspires
My silent Harp its Master's Hand requires,
Shakes off the Dust, and makes these Rocks resound,
For Fortune plac't me in unfertile Ground ;
Far from the Joys that with my Soul agree,
From Wit, from Learning,——far, oh far from thee !
Here Moss-grown Trees expand the smallest Leaf ;
Here half an Acre's Corn is half a Sheaf,
Here Hills with naked Heads the Tempest meet,
Rocks at their Side, and Torrents at their Feet,
Or lazy Lakes unconscious of a Flood,
Whose dull brown *Naiads* ever sleep in Mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and Learned Ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please,
Ev'n her I sing, while *Pope* supplies the Theme,
Show my own Love, tho' not increase his Fame.





*Part of the first Canto of the Rape
of the Lock.*

AND now unveil'd, the *Toilet* stands display'd,
 Each Silver Vase in mystick order laid,
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores
 With Head uncover'd, the *Cosmetick* Pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the Glafs appears,
 To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears;
 Th'inferior Priests, at her Altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred Rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here
 The various Off'rings of the World appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.
 This Casket *India's* glowing Gems unlocks,
 And all *Arabia* breathes from yonder Box.
 The Tortoise here an Elephant unite,
 Transform'd to Combs, the speckled, and the white.

Here



*A TRANSLATION of part of the first Canto
of the Rape of the Lock, into Leonine Verse,
after the manner of the ancient Monks.*

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ se purgat candida Nympha;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans,
Inferior claram *Pythoniſſa* apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque Superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic *India* tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat *Arabia* cistâ;
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea *Lesbia* pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit *Lesbia* dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet & mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, & epittula suavis amore.

Induit

92 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

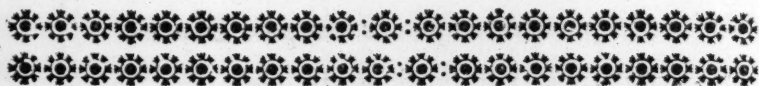
Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms,
 The Fair each Moment rises in her Charms,
 Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,
 And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;
 Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,
 And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
 The busy *Sylphs* surround her darling Care;
 These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,
 Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown,
 And *Betty's* prais'd for Labours not her own.



HEALTH,

Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
 Stant *Lemures* muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
 Et tibi vel *Betty*, tibi vel nitidissima *Letty*!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.



HEALTH, *an* ECLOGUE.

NOW early Shepherds o'er the Meadow pass,
 And print long Foot-steps in the glittering Grass;
 The Cows neglectful of their Pasture stand,
 By turns obsequious to the Milker's Hand.

When *Damon* softly trod the shaven Lawn,
Damon a Youth from City Cares withdrawn;
 Long was the pleasing Walk he wander'd thro',
 A cover'd Arbour clos'd the distant View;
 There rests the Youth, and while the feather'd Throng
 Raise their wild Musick, thus contrives a Song.

Here wasted o'er by mild *Etésian* Air,
 Thou Country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health*! repair;
 Here let my Breast thro' quiv'ring Trees inhale
 Thy rosy Blessings with the Morning Gale.
 What are the Fields, or Flow'rs, or all I see?
 Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my Soul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
 The Face of Nature cheers as well as I;

O'er the flat Green refreshing Breezes run,
 The smiling Dazies blow beneath the Sun,
 The Brooks run purling down with silver Waves,
 The planted Lanes rejoice with dancing Leaves,
 The chirping Birds from all the Compass rove
 To tempt the tuneful Ecchoes of the Grove:
 High funny Summits, deeply shaded Dales,
 Thick Mossy Banks, and flow'ry winding Vales,
 With various Prospect gratify the Sight,
 And scatter fix'd Attention in Delight.

Come, Country *Goddeſs*, come, nor thou ſuffice,
 But bring thy Mountain-Siſter, *Exerciſe*.
 Call'd by thy lively Voice, ſhe turns her Pace,
 Her winding Horn proclaims the finiſh'd Chace;
 She mounts the Rocks, ſhe ſkims the level Plain,
 Dogs, Hawks and Horſes, crow'd her early Train;
 Her hardy Face repells the tanning Wind,
 And Lines and Meſhes looſely float behind.
 All theſe as Means of Toil the Feeble ſee,
 But theſe are helps to Pleaſure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lye ſoftning 'till high Noon in Down,
 Or lolling fan her in the ſult'ry Town,
 Unerv'd with Reſt; and turn her own Diſeaſe,
 Or foſter others in luxurious Eaſe:
 I mount the Courſer, call the deep mouth'd Hounds,
 The Fox unkennel'd flies to covert Grounds;

I lead where Stags thro' tangled Thickets tread,
 And shake the Saplings with their branching Head;
 I make the Faulcons wing their airy Way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their Prey;
 To snare the Fish I fix the luring Bait;
 To wound the Fowl I load the Gun with Fate.
 'Tis thus thro' change of Exercise I range,
 And Strength and Pleasure rise from ev'ry Change.
 Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural Song,
 And bring thy Daughter, calm *Content*, along,
 Dame of the ruddy Cheek and laughing Eye,
 From whose bright Presence Clouds of Sorrow fly:
 For her I mow my Walks, I platt my Bow'rs,
 Clip my low Hedges, and support my Flow'rs;
 To welcome her, this Summer Seat I drest,
 And here I court her when she comes to Rest;
 When she from Exercise to learned Ease
 Shall change again, and teach the Change to please.

Now Friends converſing my ſoft Hours refine,
 And *Tully's Tuſculum* revives in mine:
 Now to grave Books I bid the Mind retreat,
 And ſuch as make me rather Good than Great.
 Or o'er the Works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,
 Where Flutes and Innocence amuſe the Grove:

The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* Plains
 First sung the lowly Manners of the Swains ;
 Or *Maro's* Muse that in the fairest Light
 Paints rural Prospects and the Charms of Sight ;
 These soft *Amusements* bring *Content* along,
 And *Fancy*, void of Sorrow, turns to *Song*.
 Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.



The FLIES. *An* ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the River Cows for Coolness stand,
 And Sheep for Breezes seek the lofty Land,
 A Youth whom *Æsop* taught that ev'ry Tree
 Each Bird and Insect spoke as well as he :
 Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded Way
 Where flow'ring Hawthorn broke the sunny Ray,
 And thus instructs his Moral Pen to draw
 A Scene that obvious in the Field he saw.

Near a low Ditch, where shallow Waters meet,
 Which never learnt to glide with liquid Feet,
 Whose *Naiads* never prattle as they play,
 But screen'd with Hedges slumber out the Day.

98 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

There stands a slender Fern's aspiring Shade,
 Whose answ'ring Branches regularly laid
 Put forth their answ'ring Boughs, and proudly rise
 Three Stories upward, in the nether Skies.

For Shelter here, to shun the Noon-day Heat,
 An airy Nation of the *Flies* retreat;
 Some in soft Air their filken Pinions ply,
 And some from Bough to Bough delighted fly,
 Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
 A pleasing Murmur hums along the Plain.
 So, when a Stage invites to pageant Shows,
 (If great and small are like) appear the *Beaus*,
 In Boxes some with spruce Pretension fit,
 Some change from Seat to Seat within the Pit,
 Some roam the Scenes, or turning cease to roam;
 Preluding Musick fills the lofty Dome.

When thus a *Fly* (if what a *Fly* can say
 Deserves Attention) rais'd the rural Lay.

Where late *Aminor* made a Nymph a Bride,
 Joyful I flew by young *Favonia's* Side,
 Who, mindless of the Feasting, went to sip
 The balmy Pleasure of the Shepherd's Lip.
 I saw the Wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
 And half resolv'd to drown me in the Cup;
 'Till brush'd by careless Hands, she soar'd above:
 Cease, Beauty, cease to vex a tender Love.

Thus

Thus ends the Youth, the buzzing Meadow rung
And thus the Rival of his Musick sung.

When Suns by thousands shone in Orbs of Dew,
I wafted soft with *Zephyretta* flew ;
Saw the clean Pail, and fought the milky Chear,
While little *Daphne* seiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was ! I might have warn'd the Dame,
Yet sat indulging as the Danger came,
But the kind Huntress left her free to soar :
Ah ! guard, ye *Lovers*, guard a Mistress more.

Thus from the Fern, whose high-projecting Arms,
The fleeting Nation bent with dusky Swarms,
The *Swains* their Love in easy Musick breathe,
When Tongues and Tumult stun the Field beneath.
Black *Ants* in Teams come darkning all the Road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the Load ;
They strain, they labour with incessant Pains
Press'd by the cumb'rous weight of single Grains.
The *Flies* struck silent gaze with Wonder down :
The busy *Burghers* reach their earthy Town ;
Where lay the Burthens of a wint'ry Store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave *Sage* a Moment's space attends,
And the small City's loftiest Point ascends,
Wipes the salt Dew that trickles down his Face,
And thus harrangues them with the gravest Grace.

Ye foolish *Nurslings* of the Summer Air,
 These gentle Tunes and whining Songs forbear;
 Your *Trees* and whisp'ring *Breeze*, your *Grove* and *Love*,
 Your Cupids *Quiver*, and his Mother's *Dove*,
 Let Bards to Business bend their vig'rous Wing,
 And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:
 Else, when the *Flourets* of the Season fail,
 And this your Ferny Shade forsakes the Vale,
 Tho' one would save ye, not one Grain of Wheat,
 Shou'd pay such Songsters idling at my Gate,

He ceas'd: the *Flies*, incorrigibly vain,
 Heard the *May'r's Speech*, and fell to sing again.





A N

E L E G Y,

To an Old BEAUTY.

IN vain poor Nymph, to please our youthful sight:
 You sleep in Cream and Frontlets all the Night,
 Your Face with Patches foil, with Paint repair,
 Drefs with gay Gowns, and shade with foreign Hair.
 If Truth in spite of Manners must be told,
 Why really *Fifty five* is something old.

Once you were young ; or one, whose Life's so long,
 She might have born my Mother, tells me wrong,
 And once (since Envy's dead before you dye,)
 The Women own, you play'd a sparkling Eye,
 Taught the light Foot a modish little Trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest purple Lip——

To some new Charmier are the Roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy Cheek with red ;
 Youth calls the *Graces* their to fix their Reign,
 And *Airs* by thousands fill their easy Train.

So parting Summer bids her flow'ry Prime
Attend the Sun to dress some foreign Clime,
While with'ring Seasons in Succession, here,
Strip the gay Gardens, and deform the Year.

But thou (since Nature bids) the World resign,
'Tis now thy Daughter's Daughter's time to shine.
With more address, (or such as pleases more)
She runs her Female Exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the Fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the Creature Man.
With quicker Life, as gilded Coaches pass,
In sideling Courtesy she drops the Glass.
With better Strength, on Visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty Flights of ample Stairs.
Her Mein, her Shape, her Temper, Eyes and Tongue
Are sure to conquer.—for the Rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty *Fanny's* way.

Let Time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The Sphere of Wisdom is the Sphere of Age.
'Tis true, when Beauty dawns with early Fire,
And hears the flatt'ring Tongues of soft Desire,
If not from Virtue, from its gravest Ways
The Soul with pleasing Avocation strays.
But Beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As Harpers better, by the loss of Eyes.

Hence]

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving Airs,
 Haunt less the Plays, and more the publick Pray'rs,
 Reject the *Mechlin* Head, and gold Brocade,
 Go pray, in sober *Norwich* Crape array'd.
 Thy pendent Diamonds let thy *Fanny* take,
 (Their trembling Lustre shows how much you shake;
 Or bid her wear thy Necklace row'd with Pearl,
 You'll find your *Fanny* an obedient Girl.
 So for the rest, with less Incumbrance hung,
 You walk thro' Life, unmingled with the young;
 And view the *Shade* and *Substance* as you pass
 With joint Endeavour trifling at the Glafs,
 Or *Folly* dress'd, and rambling all her Days,
 To meet her Counterpart, and grow by *Praise*:
 Yet still sedate your self, and gravely plain,
 You neither fret, nor envy at the Vain.

'Twas thus (if Man with Woman we compare)
 The wise *Athenian* cross'd a glittering Fair,
 Unmov'd by Tongues and Sights, he walk'd the place,
 Thro' Tape, Toys, Tinsel, Gimp, Perfume, and Lace;
 Then bends from *Mars's* Hill his awful Eyes,
 And *What a World I never want?* he cries;
 But cries unheard: For *Folly* will be free.
 So parts the buzzing gaudy Crowd, and He:
 As careless he for them, as they for him;
 He wrapt in *Wisdom*, and they whirl'd by *Whim*.



The BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, Boy, we'll hunt to-Day
 The *Book-Worm*, ravening Beast of Prey,
 Produc'd by Parent *Earth*, at odds
 (As Fame reports it) with the *Gods*.
 Him frantick Hunger-wildly drives
 Against a thousand Authors Lives :
 Thro' all the Fields of Wit he flies ;
 Dreadful his Head with clust'ring Eyes,
 With Horns without, and Tusks within,
 And Scales to serve him for a Skin.
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the Bards of antient Time,
 Or down the Vale of Fancy go
 To tear some modern Wretch below :
 On ev'ry Corner fix thine Eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his Teeth a Passage eat :
 We'll rouse him from the deep Retreat.

But

But who the Shelter's forc'd to give,
 'Tis Sacred *Virgil* as I live !
 From Leaf to Leaf, from Song to Song,
 He draws the tadpole Form along,
 He mounts the gilded Edge before,
 He's up, he scuds the Cover o'er,
 He turns, he doubles, there he past,
 And here we have him, caught at last.

Infatiate *Brute*, whose Teeth abuse
 The sweetest Servants of the *Muse*.
 (Nay never offer to deny,
 I took thee in the Fact to fly.)
 His *Roses* nipt in ev'ry Page,
 My poor *Anacreon* mourns thy Rage.
 By thee my *Ovid* wounded lies ;
 By thee my *Lesbia's* Sparrow dies :
 Thy rabid Teeth have half destroy'd
 The Work of Love in *Biddy Floyd*,
 They rent *Belinda's* Locks away,
 And spoil'd the *Blouxelind* of Gay.
 For all, for ev'ry single Deed,
 Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
 Then fall a *Victim* to the *Nine*,
 My self the *Priest*, my Desk the *Shrine*.

Bring *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tasso* near,
 To pile a sacred Altar here ;

Hold,

106 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Hold, Boy, thy Hand out-runs thy Wit,
 You reach'd the Plays that *D*——s writ ;
 You reach'd me *Pb*——s rustick Strain ;
 Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come bind the Victim,———there he lies,
 And here between his num'rous Eyes
 This venerable Dust I lay,
 From *Manuscripts* just swept away.

The Goblet in my Hand I take,
 For the Libation's yet to make)
 A Health to Poets ! all their Days
 May they have Bread, as well as Praise ;
 Sense may they seek, and less engage
 In Papers fill'd with Party-Rage.
 But if their Riches spoil their Vein
 Ye *Muses*, make them poor again.

Now bring the Weapon, yonder Blade,
 With which my tuneful Pens are made.
 I strike the Scales that arm thee round,
 And twice and thrice I print the Wound ;
 The sacred Altar floats with red,
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the Son of *Jove* I stand,
 This *Hydra* stretch'd beneath my Hand !

Lay bare the Monster's Entrails here,
To see what Dangers threat the Year :
Ye Gods ! what Sonnets on a Wench ?
What lean Translations out of *French* ?
'Tis plain, this Lobe is so unsound,
S——prints, before the Months go round.

But hold, before I close the Scene,
The sacred Altar shou'd be clean.
Oh had I *Sb*———//s Second' Bays,
Or *T*——— ! thy pert and humble Lays !
(Ye Pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never mis'd your Works till now)
I'd tear the Leaves to wipe the Shrine,
That only way you please the *Nine*)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the Songs of *D*———y do.

Rent from the Corps, on yonder Pin,
I hang the Scales that brac't it in ;
I hang my studious Morning Gown,
And write my own *Inscription* down.

“ This *Trophy* from the *Python* won,
“ This *Robe*, in which the Deed was done,
“ These, *Parnell* glorying in the Feat,
“ Hung on these Shelves, the *Muses* Seat.
“ Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* found
“ Large Realms of Wit to ravage round ;

“ Here

- " Here *Ignorance* and *Hunger* fell ;
 " Two Foes in one I sent to Hell.
 " Ye *Poets*, who my Labours see,
 " Come share the Triumph all with me !
 " Ye *Criticks* ! born to vex the *Muse*,
 " Go mourn the *grand Ally* you lose.



An ALLEGORY on MAN.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,
 Our Race of Mortals call him *Care* :
 (Were *Homer* living, well he knew
 What Name the Gods have call'd him too)
 With fine Mechanick Genius wrought,
 And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This being by a Model bred
 In *Jove's* eternal fable Head,
 Contriv'd a Shape impow'r'd to breathe,
 And be the *Worlding* here beneath.

The *Man* rose staring, like a Stake ;
 Wond'ring to see himself awake !

Then

Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The Bus'ness he was made to do ;
That pleas'd to see with what a Grace
He gravely shew'd his forward Face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An *Under-something* of the Sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty *Nod*,
Which ever binds a *Poet's God* :
(For which his Curls Ambrosial shake,
And Mother *Earth's* oblig'd to quake :)
He saw old Mother *Earth* arise,
She stood confess'd before his Eyes ;
But not with what we read she wore,
A Castle for a Crown before,
Nor with long Streets and longer Roads
Dangling behind her, like *Commodes* :
As yet with Wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a Landskip-painted Vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, (as *Ovid* said)
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty Head.

Her Honours made, great *Jove*, she cry'd,
This *Thing* was fashion'd from my Side ;
His Hands, his Heart, his Head are mine ;
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?

Nay

110 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Nay rather ask, the *Monarch* said,
What boots his Hand, his Heart, his Head,
Were what I gave remov'd away ?
Thy Part's and idle Shape of Clay.

Halves, more than Halves ! cry'd honest *Care*,
Your Pleas wou'd make your Titles fair,
You claim the Body you the Soul,
But I who join them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods Debate began,
On such a trivial Cause, as *Man*.
And can Celestial Tempers rage ?
(Quoth *Virgil* in a latter Age.)

As thus they wrangled, *Time* came by ;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the Fabling *Antients* sung
Makes *Saturn* old, when *Time* was young.)
As yet his Winters had not shed
Their silver Honours on his Head ;
He just had got his Pinions free
From his old Sire *Eternity*.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The Tail within the Mouth before ;
By which our *Almanacks* are clear
That learned *Ægypt* meant the Year.

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. III

A Staff he carry'd, where on high
A Glafs was fix'd to meafure by,
As Amber Boxes made a Show
For Heads of Canes an Age ago.
His Velt, for Day, and Night, was py'd ;
A bending Sickle arm'd his Side ;
And Spring's new Months his Train adorn ;
The other Seafons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him *Umpire* of the Cause.
O'er a low Trunk his Arm he laid,
(Where fince His *Hours* a *Dial* made ;)
Then leaning heard the nice Debate,
And thus pronounc'd the Words of *Fate*.

Since *Body* from the Parent *Earth*,
And *Soul* from *Jove* received a Birth,
Return they where they firft began ;
But fince their *Union* makes the *Man*,
'Till *Jove* and *Earth* fhall part thefe two,
To *Care* who join'd them, *Man* is due.

He faid, and fprung with fwift Career
To trace a Circle for the Year ;
Where ever fince the *Seafons* wheel,
And tread on one another's Heel.

112 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

'Tis well, said *Jove*, and for consent
 Thund'ring he shook the Firmament:
 Our Umpire *Time* shall have his Way,
 With *Care* I let the Creature stay :
 Let Bus'ness vex him, Av'rice blind,
 Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his Mind,
 Let Error act, Opinion speak,
 And want afflict, and Sickness break,
 And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
 And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill.
 'Till arm'd by *Care* and taught to Mow,
Time draws the long destructive Blow :
 And wasted *Man*, whose quick decay
 Comes hurrying on before his Day,
 Shall only find, by this Decree,
 The *Soul* flies sooner back to *Me*.





An Imitation of some French VERSES.

Relentless *Time!* destroying Pow'r
 Whom Stone and Brass obey,
 Who giv'st to ev'ry flying Hour
 To work some new Decay ;
 Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
 Thy secret Saps prevail,
 And ruin Man, a nice Machine
 By Nature form'd to fail.
 My Change arrives ; the Change I meet,
 Before I thought it nigh.
 My *Spring*, my Years of Pleasure fleet,
 And all their Beauties dye.
 In *Age* I search, and only find
 A poor unfruitful Gain,
 Grave *Wisdom* stalking slow behind,
 Oppress'd with Loads of Pain.
 My Ignorance cou'd once beguile,
 And fancy'd Joys inspire ;
 My Errors cherish'd *Hope* to smile
 On newly-born *Desire*.

But

But now Experience shews, the Bliss
 For which I fondly fought,
 Not worth the long impatient Wish,
 And Ardour of the Thought,
 My Youth met *Fortune* fair array'd,
 (In all her Pomp she shone)
 And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
 To make her Gifts my own :
 But when I saw the Blessings show'r
 On some unworthy Mind,
 I left the Chace, and own'd the *Pow'r*
 Was justly painted blind.
 I pass'd the Glories which adorn
 The splendid Courts of Kings,
 And while the Persons mov'd my Scorn,
 I rose to scorn the Things.
 My Manhood felt a vig'rous Fire
 By Love encreas'd the more ;
 But Years with coming Years conspire
 To break the Chains I wore.
 In Weakness safe, the *Sex* I see
 With idle Lustre shine ;
 For what are all their Joys to me,
 Which cannot now be mine ?
 But hold ——— I feel my *Gout* decrease,
 My Troubles laid to rest,
 And Truths which wou'd disturb my Peace
 Are painful Truths at best.

Vainly the Time I have to roll
 In sad Reflection flies ;
 Ye fondling Passions of my Soul !
 Ye sweet Deceits ! arise.
 I wisely change the Scene within,
 To Things that us'd to please ;
 In *Pain*, *Philosophy* is *Spleen*,
 In *Health*, 'tis only *Ease*,



A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

BY the blue Tapers trembling Light,
 No more I waste the wakeful Night,
 Intent with endless View to pore
 The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er :
 Their Books from Wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest Way.
 I'll seek a readier Path, and go
 Where Wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon Azure dies the Sky !
 Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lye,
 While thro' their Ranks in silver pride
 The nether Crescent seems to glide.

The

The slumb'ring Breeze forgets to breathe,
 The Lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangle Snow
 Descends to meet our Eyes below.
 The Grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the View retire :
 The Left presents a Place of Graves,
 Whose Wall the silent Water leaves.
 That Steeple guides thy doubtful fight
 Among the livid gleams of Night.
 There pass with melancholly State,
 By all the solemn Heaps of Fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable Dead,
Time was, like thee they Life possess,
And Time shall be, that thou shalt Rest.

Those Graves, with bending Osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled Ground,
 Quick to the glancing Thought disclose
 Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth Stones that bear a Name,
 The Chissels slender help to Fame,
 (Which e'er our Set of Friends decay
 Their frequent Steps may wear away.)
 A *middle Race* of Mortals own,
 Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that rise on high,
 Whose Dead in vaulted Arches lye,
 Whose Pillars swell with sculptur'd Stones,
 Arms, Angels, Epitaphs, and Bones,
 These (all the poor Remains of State)
 Adorn the *Rich*, or praise the *Great*;
 Who live on Earth in Fame they live,
 Are senseless of the Fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
 The bursting Earth unveils the Shades!
 All flow, and wan, and wrap'd with Shrouds,
 They rise in visionary Clouds,
 And all with sober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to dye.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
 That bathes the Charnel House with Dew,
 Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
 (Ye Ravens, cease your croaking Din,
 Ye tolling Clocks, no Time refund
 O'er the long Lake and midnight Ground)
 It sends a Peal of hollow Groans,
 Thus speaking from among the Bones.

When Men my Scythe and Darts supply,
 How great a *King* of *Fears* am I!
 They view me like the last of Things:
 They make, and then they dread, my *Stings*.

F

Fools!

Fools! if you less provok'd your Fears,
 No more my Spectre-Form appears.
 Death's but a Path that must be trod,
 If Man wou'd ever pass to God:
 A Port of Calms, a State of Ease
 From the rough Rage of swelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing Sable Stoles,
 Deep pendent Cypress, mourning Poles,
 Loose Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
 Long Palls, drawn Herfes, cover'd Steeds,
 And Plumes of black, that as they tread,
 Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead?

Nor can the parted Body know,
 Nor wants the Soul, these Forms of Woe:
 As Men who long in Prison dwell,
 With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,
 When e'er their suffering Years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun:
 Such Joy, tho' far transcending Sense,
 Have pious Souls at parting hence.
 On Earth, and in the Body plac't,
 A few, and evil Years, they waste:
 But when their Chains are cast aside,
 See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad Wing and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the Blaze of Day.



A
H Y M N
T O
CONTENTMENT.

L Ovely, lasting Peace of Mind !
Sweet Delight of human kind !
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
With more of Happiness below,
Than Victors in a Triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented Head ?
What happy Region dost thou please
To make the Seat of Calms and Ease ?

Ambition searches all its Sphere
Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy Presence in its Gold enshrin'd.

The bold Advent'rer ploughs his way,
 Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea,
 To gain thy Love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.
 The silent Heart ~~with~~ Grief assails, *which*
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the Vales,
 Sees Daiesies open, Rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing Thought; but learns to know
 That Solitude's the Nurse of Woe.
 No real Happiness is found
 In trailing Purple o'er the Ground:
 Or in a Soul exalted high,
 To range the Circuit of the Sky,
 Converse with Stars above, and know
 All Nature in its Forms below;
 The Rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And Doubts at last for Knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace appear!
 This World it self, if thou art here,
 Is once again with *Eden* blest'd,
 And Man contains it in his Breast.

'Twas thus, as under Shade I stood,
 I sung my Wishes to the Wood,
 And lost in Thought, no more perceiv'd
 The Branches whisper as they wav'd:

It seem'd, as all the quiet Place
 Confess'd the Prefence of the Grace.
 When thus she spoke——Go rule thy Will,
 Bid thy wild Passions all be still,
 Know God——and bring thy Heart to know,
 The Joys which from Religion flow:
 Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its Guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder Mossy Seat,
 In my Hours of sweet Retreat;
 Might I thus my Soul employ,
 With sense of Gratitude and Joy:
 Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
 In heavenly Vision, Praise, and Pray'r;
 Pleasing all Men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone:
 Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
 With all the Colours of Delight;
 While silver Waters glide along,
 To please my Ear, and court my Song:
 I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String,
 And thee, great *Source of Nature*, sing.

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
 To light the World, and give the Day;
 The Moon that shines with borrow'd Light;
 The Stars that gild the gloomy Night;

The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves;
 The Wood that spreads its shady Leaves;
 The Field whose Ears conceal the Grain,
 The yellow Treasure of the Plain;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Shou'd be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the Tongue of Man.

Go search among your idle Dreams,
 Your *busy*, or your *vain* Extreams;
 And find a Life of equal Bliss,
 Or own the *next* begun in *This*.





The HERMIT.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to publick View,
 From Youth to Age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew;
 The Moss his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
 His Food the Fruits, his Drink the chrystal Well:
 Remote from Man, with God he pass'd the Days,
 Pray'r all his Bus'ness, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose,
 Seem'd Heav'n itself, 'till one Suggestion rose;
 That Vice shou'd triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
 This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway:
 His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,
 And all the Tenour of his Soul is lost:
 So when a smooth Expanse receives impress
 Calm Nature's Image on it's watry Breast,
 Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
 And Skies beneath with answ'ring Colours glow:
 But if a Stone the gentle Scene divide,
 Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side,
 And glimmering Fragments of a broken Sun,
 Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Disorder run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
 To find if Books, or Swains, report it right ;
 (For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
 Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)
 He quits his Cell ; the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,
 And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before ;
 Then with the Sun a rising Journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wasted in the pathless Grass,
 And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass ;
 But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the Day,
 A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way ;
 His Rayment decent, his Complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
 Then near approaching, Father Hail ! he cry'd,
 And Hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd ;
 Words followed Words, from Question Answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the Road ;
 'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their Age they differ, join in Heart :
 Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
 Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around.

Now sunk the Sun ; the closing Hour of Day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;

Nature in Silence bid the World repose :
 When near the Road a stately Palace rose :
 There by the Moon thro' Ranks of Trees they pass,
 Whose Verdure crown'd their sloping sides of Grass.
 It chanc't the noble Master of the Dome,
 Still made his House the wand'ring Strangers home :
 Yet still the Kindness, from a Thirst of Praise,
 Prov'd the vain Flourish of expensive Ease.
 The Pair arrive ? the Liv'ry'd Servants wait ;
 Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate..
 The Table groans with costly Piles of Food,
 And all is more than Hospitably good,
 Then led to rest, the Day's long Toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down..

At length 'tis Morn, and at the Dawn of Day,
 Along the wide Canals the *Zephyrs* play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring Wood to banish Sleep..
 Up rise the Guests, obedient to the Call,
 An early Banquet deck'd the splendid Hall ;
 Rich luscious Wine a golden Goblet grac't,
 Which the kind Master forc'd the Guests to taste..
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go,
 And, but the Landlord, none had cause of Woe ;
 His *Cup* was vanish'd ; for in secret Guise
 The younger Guest purloin'd the glittering Prize.

As one who 'spys a Serpent in his Way,
 Glift'ning and basking in the Summer Ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the Danger near,
 Then walks with Faintness on, and looks with Fear ;
 So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the Road,
 The shining Spoil his wilely Partner shew'd.
 He stopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling Heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murm'ring he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous Actions meet a base Reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his Glory shrouds,
 The changing Skies hang out their sable Clouds ;
 A Sound in Air prefag'd approaching Rain,
 And Beasts to covert scud a-cross the Plain.
 Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
 To seek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.
 'Twas built with Turrets, on a rising Ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a Desert there.

As near the *Miser's* heavy Doors they drew,
 Fierce rising Gusts with sudden Fury blew ;
 The nimble Light'ning mix'd with Show'rs began,
 And o'er their Heads loud rolling Thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.

At length some Pity warm'd the Master's Breast,
 ('Twas then, his Threshold first receiv'd a Guest)
 Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering Pair ;
 One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
 And Nature's Fervor thro' their Limbs recalls :
 Bread of the courtest sort, with eager Wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the Tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With still Remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
 In one so rich, a Life so poor and rude ;
 And why shou'd such, (within himself he cry'd,)
 Lock the lost Wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new Marks of Wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling Feature of his Face !
 When from his Vest the young Companion bore
 That *Cup*, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious Bowl
 The stinted Kindness of this churlish Soul.

But now the Clouds in airy Tumult fly,
 The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling Leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day :
 The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,
 And the glad Master bolts the wary Gate.

While

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* Bosom wrought,
 With all the Travel of uncertain Thought ;
 His Partner's Acts without their Cause appear,
 'Twas there a Vice, and seem'd a Madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky,
 Again the Wand'ers want a Place to lye,
 Again they search, and find a Lodging nigh. }
 The Soil improv'd around, the Mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
 It seem'd to speak its Master's turn of Mind,
 Content, and not for Praise, but Virtue kind.

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet
 Then bless the Mansion, and the Master greet :
 Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest Guise,
 The courteous Master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From Him you come, from Him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly Cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome Table spread,
 Then talk'd of Virtue till the time of Bed,
 When the grave Household round his Hall repair,
 Warn'd by a Bell, and close the Hours with Pray'r.

At

At length the World renew'd by calm Repose
 Was strong for Toil, the dappled Morn arose ;
 Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept,
 Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant slept,
 And writh'd his Neck : the Landlord's little Pride,
 O strange Return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horrour of Horrours ! what ! his only Son !
 How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done ?
 Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue Fire, cou'd more assault his Heart.

Confus'd, and struck with Silence at the Deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
 His Steps the Youth pursues ; the Country lay
 Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant show'd the Way :
 A River cross'd the Path ; the Passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the Servant trod before ;
 Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge supply'd,
 And deep the Waves beneath the bending glide.
 The Youth who seem'd to watch a Time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in ;
 Plunging he Falls, and rising lifts his Head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the Dead.

Wild, sparkling Rage inflames the Father's Eyes,
 He bursts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,
 Detested Wretch.—But scarce his Speech began,
 When the strange Partner seem'd no longer Man :

His

His youthful Face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant Points invest his Hair ;
 Celestial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air ;
 And Wings, whose Colours glitter'd on the Day,
 Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes display.
 The Form *Ethereal* bursts upon his Sight,
 And moves in all the Majesty of Light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's Passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret Chains his Words suspends,
 And in a Calm his settling Temper ends.
 But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
 (The Voice of Musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praise, thy Life to Vice unknown,
 In sweet Memorial rise before the Throne :
 These Charms, Success in our bright Region find,
 And force an Angel down, to calm thy Mind ;
 For this commission'd, I forsook the Sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel — Thy fellow Servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government Divine,
 And let these Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that World he made,
 In this the Right of Providence is laid ;

Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends
On using second Means to work his Ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human Eye,
The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,
Your Actions uses, not controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What strange Events can strike with more Surprise,
Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring Eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th'Almighty Just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *Great, Vain Man*, who far'd on costly Food,
Whose Life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets shine,
And forc'd his Guests to morning Draughts of Wine,
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless Custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean, suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted Door,
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor ;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind
That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artists melt the sullen Oar of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head ; -
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And loose from Dross, the Silver runs below.

Long

Long had our *pious Friend* in Virtue trod,
 But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from God ;
 (Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
 And measur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
 To what Excesses had his Dotage run ?
 But God, to save the Father, took the Son.
 To all but thee, in Fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my Ministry to deal the Blow)
 The poor fond Parent humbled in the Dust,
 Now owns in Tears the Punishment was just.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
 Had that false *Servant* sped in Safety back ?
 This Night his treasur'd Heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail !

Thus Heav'n instructs thy Mind : This Tryal o'er,
 Depart in Peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding Pinnions here the Youth withdrew,
 The Sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
 Thus look'd *Elisha*, when to mount on high,
 His Master took the Chariot of the Sky ;
 The fiery Pomp ascending left the View ;
 The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy Will be done.
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient Place,
 And pass'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

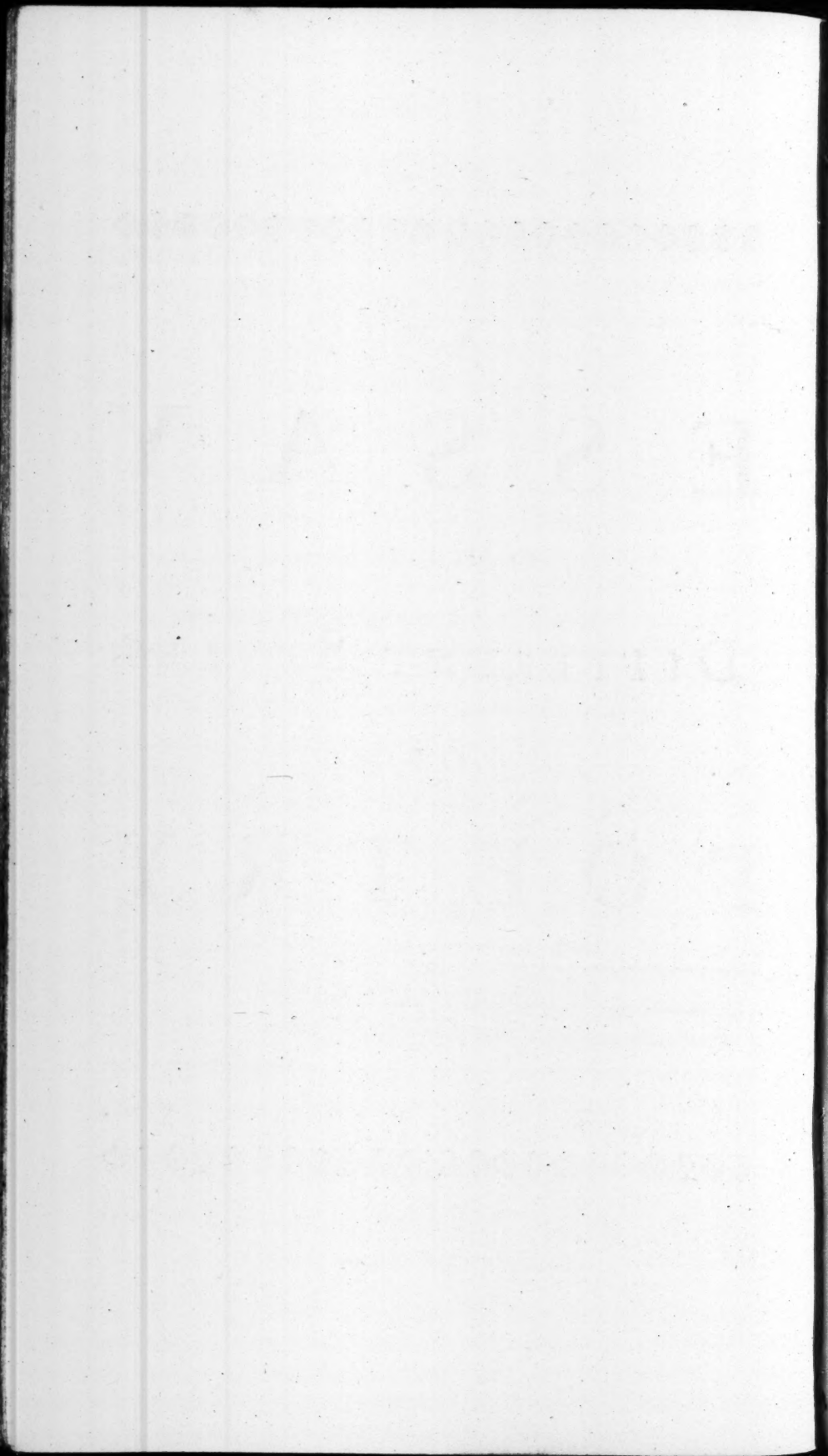
A N.



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
D I F F E R E N T S T Y L E S
O F
P O E T R Y.

*Vatibus addere calcar,
Ut Studio majore petant Helicana virentem.*







PREFACE.



ALLEGORY is in itself so retired a Way of Writing, that it was thought proper to say something before-hand concerning this Piece which is intirely fram'd upon it.

The Design therefore, is to show the several Styles which have been made Use of by those who have endeavour'd to write in Verse. The Scheme by which it is carry'd on, supposes an old Grecian Poet couching his Observations or Instructions within an Allegory; which Allegory is wrought out upon the single Word Flight, as in the figurative Way it signifies a Thought above the common Level: Here Wit is made to be Pegasus, and the Poet his Rider, who flies by several Countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious Styles, and arrives at last at the Sublime.

This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the Fancy whenever it is well perform'd, but it has been thought also one of the first that the Poets made use of. Hence arose many of those Stories concerning the Heathen Gods, which at first were invented to insinuate Truth and Morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made Poetry it self more solemn, when they happen'd to be receiv'd into the Heathen Divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a Poetical Genius may yet appear as an Original, than

P R E F A C E.

than that he should proceed with a full Compass of Thought and Knowledge, either to design his Plan, or to beautify the Parts of it, in an Allegorical Manner. We are much beholden to Antiquity for those excellent Compositions by which Writers at present form their Minds; but it is not so much required of us to adhere meerly to their Fables, as to observe their Manner. For if we preclude our own Invention, Poetry will consist only in Expression, or Simile, or the Application of old Stories; and the utmost Character to which a Genius can arrive, will depend on Imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the Antients. There have been Poets amongst our selves, such as Spencer and Milton, who have successfully ventur'd further. These Instances may let us see that Invention is not bounded by what has been done before, they may open our Imaginations, and be one Method of preserving us from writing without Schemes.

As for what relates any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will observe, that its Aim is Instruction. Perhaps a Representation of several Mistakes and Difficulties which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for: And perhaps the Description of several Beauties belonging to it, may afford Hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving Mankind. If either of these happen, the Poem is useful; and upon that Account its Faults may be more easily excused.



A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
D I F F E R E N T S T Y L E S
O F
P O E T R Y.

T O
H E N R Y,
Lord Viscount
B O L I N G B R O K E.



HATE the Vulgar with untuneful Mind,
Hearts uninspir'd, and Senses unrefin'd.
Hence ye Prophane, I raise the founding
String,
And BOLINGBROKE descends to hear
me sing.

When *Greece* cou'd Truth in *mystick* Fable shroud,
And with Delight instruct the list'ning Crowd,

An

An ancient Poet (*Time* has lost his Name)

Deliver'd Strains on Verse to future *Fame*.

Still as he sung he touch'd the trembling Lyre,

And felt the Notes a rising Warmth inspire.

Ye sweet'ning *Graces* in the Musick throng,

Affist my *Genius*, and retrieve the Song

From dark *Oblivion*,^{*} see, my *Genius* goes

To call it forth. 'Twas thus the *Poem* rose.

Wit is the *Muses* Horse, and bears on high

The daring *Rider* to the *Muses* Sky:

Who, while his Strength to mount aloft he tries

By *Regions* varying in their Nature, flies.

At first he riseth o'er a *Land* of Toil,

A barren, hard, and undeserving Soil,

Where only Weeds from heavy Labour grow,

Which yet the Nation prune, and keep for Show.

Where *Couplets* jingling on their Accent run,

Whose Point of *Epigram* is sunk to *Pun*.

Where Wings * by *Fancy* never feather'd fly,

Where Lines by Measure form'd in *Hatchets* lie;

Where *Altars* stand, erected *Porches* gape,

And Sense is cramp'd while Words are par'd to Shape;

Where mean *Acrosticks* labour'd in a Frame,

On scatter'd Letters raise a painful Scheme;

And

* *These, and the like Conceits, of putting Poems into several Shapes by the different Lengths of Lines, are frequent in old Poets of most Languages.*

And by Confinement in their Work controul
 The great Enlargings of the boundless Soul.
 Where if a Warrior's elevated Fire
 Wou'd all the brightest Strokes of Verse require,
 Then streight in *Anagram* a wretched Crew
 Will pay their undeserving Praises too;
 While on the Rack his poor disjointed *Name*
 Must tell its Master's Character to *Fame*.
 And (if my Fire and Fears aright presage)
 The lab'ring Writers of a future Age
 Shall clear new Ground, and Grotts and Caves repair,
 To civilize the babbling *Ecchoes* there.
 Then while a Lover treads a lonely Walk,
 His Voice shall with its own Reflection talk,
 The closing Sounds of all the vain Device,
 Select by trouble, frivolously nice,
 Resound through Verse, and with a false Pretence
 Support the Dialogue, and pass for Sense.
 Can Things like these to lasting Praise pretend?
 Can any *Muse* the worthless Toil befriended?
 Ye sacred *Virgins*, in my Thoughts ador'd.
 Ah, be for ever in my Lines deplor'd!
 If Tricks and Words acquire an endless Name,
 And Trifles merit in the Court of *Fame*.

" At this the *Poet* stood concern'd a While,
 " And view'd his Objects with a scornful Smile:
 " Then other *Images* of different kind,
 " With diff'rent Workings enter'd on his Mind;

" At

“ At whose Approach he felt the former gon,
“ And shiver’d in Conceit, and thus went on.

By a cold *Region* next the *Rider* goes,
Where all lies cover’d in eternal Snows ;
Where no bright *Genius* drives the Chariot high,
To glitter on the Ground, and gild the Sky.

Bleak level *Realm*, where *frigid Stiles* abound,
Where never yet a daring Thought was found,
But counted Feet is *Poetry* defin’d ;
And starv’d *Conceits* that chill the Reader’s Mind.
A little Sense in many Words imply,
And drag with loit’ring Numbers slowly by.
Here dry sententious *Speeches* half asleep,
Prolong’d in Lines, o’er many Pages creep ;
Nor ever shew the Passions well express’d,
Nor raise like Passions in another’s Breast.
Here flat *Narrations* fair Exploits debase,
In Measures void of every shining Grace ;
Which never arm their *Hero* for the Field,
Nor with *Prophetick Story* paint the Shield,
Nor fix the Crest, or make the Feathers wave,
Or with their Characters reward the Brave ;
Undeck’d they stand, and unadorn’d with Praise,
And fail to profit while they fail to please.
Here forc’d *Description* is so strangely wrought,
It never stamps its Image on the Thought ;

The

The liveless Trees may stand for ever bare,
 And Rivers stop, for ought the Readers Care;
 They see no Branches trembling in the Woods,
 Nor hear the Murmurs of encreasing Floods,
 Which near the Roots with ruffled Waters flow,
 And shake the Shadows of the Boughs below.
 Ah sacred *Verse*, replete with heav'nly Flame,
 Such cold Endeavours wou'd invade thy Name!
 The *Writer* fondly wou'd in these survive,
 Which wanting Spirit never *seem'd* alive:
 But if *Applause* or *Fame* attend his Pen,
 Let breathless Statues pass for breathing Men.

“ Here seem'd the *Singer* touch'd at what he Sung,
 “ And Grief a While delay'd his Hand and Tongue:
 “ But soon he check'd his Fingers, chose a Strain,
 “ And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again.

Pass the next *Region*, which appears to show,
 Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
 No noble Flights of elevated Thought,
 No nervous Strength of Sense maturely wrought,
 Possess this Realm but common *Turns* are there,
 Which idly sportive move with childish Air.
 On callow Wings, and like a Plague of Flies,
 The little *Fancies* in a *Poem* rise,
 The jaded *Reader* every where to strike,
 And move his Passions ev'ry where alike.

There all the graceful *Nymphs* are forc'd to play
Where any Water bubbles in the Way:
There shaggy *Satyrs* are oblig'd to rove
In all the Fields, and over all the Grove:
There ev'ry Star is summon'd from its Sphere,
To dress one Face, and make *Clorinda* fair:
There *Cupids* fling their Darts in ev'ry Song,
While Nature stands neglected all along:
Till the teaz'd *Hearer*, vex'd at last to find
One constant Object still assault the Mind,
Admires no more at what's no longer new,
And hastes to shun the persecuting View.
There bright *Surprizes* of *Poetick* Rage,
(Whose Strength and Beauty more confirm'd in Age
For having lasted, last the longer still)
By weak Attempts are imitated ill,
Or carry'd on beyond their proper Light,
Or with Refinement flourish'd out of Sight.
There *Metaphors* on *Metaphors* abound,
And Sense by differing Images confound:
Strange injudicious Management of Thought,
Not born to Rage, nor into Method brought.
Ah, sacred *Muse*! from such a Realm retreat;
Nor idly waste the Influence of thy Heat
On shallow Soils, where quick Productions rise,
And wither as the Warmth that rais'd them dies.

" Here o'er his Breast a Sort of Pity roll'd,
 " Which something lab'ring in the Mind controul'd,
 " And made him touch the loud resounding Strings,
 " While thus with Musick's stronger Tones he sings."
 Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful Seat
 Mind the firm Reins, and curb thy *Courser's* Heat;
 Nor let him touch the *Realms* that next appear,
 Whose hanging Turrets seem a Fall to fear,
 And strangely stand along the Tracts of Air,
 Where Thunder rolls, and bearded Comets glare.
 The *Thoughts* that most extravagantly soar,
 The *Words* that sound as if they meant to ROAR;
 For *Rant* and *Noise* are offer'd here to choice,
 And stand elected by the *Publick Voice*.
 All *Schemes* are slighted which attempt to shine
 At once with strange and probable Design;
 'Tis here a mean Conceit, a vulgar View,
 That bears the least Respect to seeming true;
 While ev'ry trifling Turn of Things is seen
 To move by Gods descending in Machine.
 Here swelling *Lines* with stalking Strut proceed,
 And in the Clouds terrifick Rumbings breed:
 Here single Heroes deal grim Deaths around,
 And Armies perish in tremendous Sound:
 Here fearful Monsters are preserv'd to die,
 In such a Tumult as affrights the Sky;

*For which the golden Sun shall hide with Dread,
And Neptune lift his sedgey matted Head,
Admire the Roar, and dive with dire Dismay,
And seek his deepest Chambers in the Sea.*

To raise their Subject thus the Lines devise,
And false *Extravagance* wou'd fain surprize;
Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by Fear,
And undisturb'd at bellowing Monsters here:
But with Compassion guard the Brain of Men,
If thus they bellow thro' the Poet's Pen:

So will the *Reader's* Eyes discern aright
The rashest *Sally* from the noblest *Flight*,
And find that only *Boast* and *Sound* agree
To seem the *Life* and *Voice* of *Majesty*,
When WRITERS rampant on *Apollo* call,
And bid him enter and possess them all,
And make his Flames afford a wild Pretence
To keep them unrestrain'd by common Sense,
Ah, sacred *Verse*! lest *Reason* quit thy Seat,
Give none to such, or give a gentler Heat.

“ 'Twas here the *Singer* felt his Temper wrough
“ By fairer Prospects, which arose to Thought;
“ And in himself a while collected sat,
“ And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
“ Till all the beauteous *Forms* in order ran,
“ And then he took their Track, and thus began.

Above the Beauties, far above the Show
In which weak NATURE dresses here below,
Stands the great *Palace* of the *Bright* and *Fine*,
Where fair Ideas in full Glory shine,
Eternal Models of exalted Parts,
The Pride of Minds, and Conquerors of Hearts.

Upon the first Arrival here, are seen
Rang'd Walks of *Bay*, the *Muses Ever-green*,
Each sweetly springing from some sacred Bough,
Whose circling Shade adorn'd a *Poet's* Brow,
While through the Leaves, in unmolested Skies,
The gentle Breathing of *Applauses* flies,
And flatt'ring Sounds are heard within the Breeze,
And pleasing Murmur runs among the Trees,
And falls of Water join the flatt'ring Sounds,
And Murmur soft'ning from the Shore rebounds.
The warbled Melody, the lovely Sights,
The Calms of Solitude inspire Delights,
The dazzled Eyes, the ravish'd Ears, are caught,
The panting Heart unites to purer Thought,
And grateful Shiverings wander o'er the Skin,
And wond'rous *Extasies* arise within,
Whence *Admiration* overflows the Mind,
And leaves the Pleasure felt, but undefin'd.

Stay, daring *Rider*, now no longer rove ;
 Now pass to find the *Palace* through the *Grove* ;
 Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
 The Realm you fought for, daring *Rider* stay.

Here various *Fancy* spreads a vary'd Scene,
 And *Judgment* likes the Sight, and looks serene,
 And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
 And joins the Work, and regulates the Lays.
 Thus on a Plan, design'd by double Care,
 The *Building* rises in the glittering Air,
 With just Agreement fram'd in ev'ry Part,
 And smoothly polish'd with the nicest Art.

Here Lawrel-boughs, which ancient *Heroes* wore,
 Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
 Wreath round the Pillars which the *Poets* rear,
 And slope their Points to make a *Foliage* there.
 Here Chaplets pull'd in gently-breathing Wind,
 And wrought by *Lovers* innocently kind.

Hung o'er the Porch, their fragrant Odours give,
 And fresh in lasting Song for ever live.
 The Shades, for whom with such indulgent Care,
 Fame wreaths the Boughs, or hangs the Chaplets there,

To deathless Honours thus preserv'd above,
For Ages conquer, or for Ages love.
Here bold *Description* paints the *Walls* within,
Her Pencil touches, and the *World* is seen:
The Fields look beauteous in their flow'ry Pride,
The Mountains rear aloft, the Vales subside,
The Cities rise, the Rivers seem to play,
And hanging Rocks repel the foaming Sea;
The foaming Seas their angry Billows show,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or cease their Rage, and as they calmly lie,
Return the pleasing Pictures of the Sky;
The Skies extended in an open View,
Appear a lofty distant Arch of *Blew*,
In which *Description* stains the painted Bow,
Or thickens Clouds, and feathers out the Snow,
Or mingles Blushes in the Morning Ray,
Or gilds the Noon, or turns an Evening Gray.

Here on the *Pedestals* of *War* and *Peace*,
In different Rows, and with a diff'rent Grace,
Fine *Statues* proudly ride, or nobly stand,
To which *Narration* with a pointing Hand
Directs the Sight, and makes Examples please
By boldly ventring to dilate in Praise,
While chosen Beauties lengthen out the Song,
Yet make her Hearers never think it long.

Or if with closer Art, with sprightly Mein,
Scarce like herself, and more like *Action* seen,
She Bids their Façts in Images arise,
And seem to pass before the *Reader's* Eyes,
The Words like Charms enchanted Motion give,
And all the *Statues* of the *Palace* live.
Then Hosts embattel'd stretch their Lines afar,
There Leaders Speeches animate the War,
The Trumpets sound, the feather'd Arrows fly,
The Sword is drawn, the Lance is toss'd on high,
The Brave press on, the fainter Forces yield,
And *Death* in differing Shapes deforms the Field.
Or shou'd the Shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly Pipe beguiles the Day,
And jocund *Ecchoes* dally with the Sound,
And *Nymphs* in Measures trip along the Ground,
And e'er the Dews have wet the Grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the Way they go.

Here, as on Circumstance *Narrations* dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,
The Toil of *Heroes* on the dusty Plains,
Or on the Green the Merriment of *Svains*,
Reflection speaks, then all the *Forms* that rose
In Life's enchanted Scenes themselves compose ;
Whilst the grave Voice, controlling all the Spells
With solemn Utterance, thus the *Moral* tells:

SO PUBLIC WORTH *its Enemies destroys,*
 OR PRIVATE INNOCENCE *it self enjoys,*

Here all the *Passions*, for their greater Sway,
 In all the Pow'r of Words themselves array;
 And hence the soft *Pathetick* gently charms,
 And hence the Bolder fills the Breast with Arms.
 Sweet Love in Numbers finds a World of *Darts*,
 And with *Defrings* wounds the tender Hearts.
 Fair *Hope* displays its Pinions to the Wind,
 And flutters in the Lines, and lifts the Mind.
 Brisk *Joy* with Transport fills the rising Strain,
 Breaks in the Notes, and bounds in ev'ry Vein.
 Sterne *Courage*, glittering in the Sparks of *Ire*,
 Inflames those Lays that set the Breast on Fire:
Aversion learns to fly with swifter Will,
 In Numbers taught to represent an Ill.
 By frightful Accents *Fear* produces Fears.
 By sad Expression *Sorrow* melts to Tears,
 And dire *Amazement* and *Despair* are brought
 By Words of *Horror* through the Wilds of Thought.
 'Tis thus tumultuous *Passions* learn to roll;
 Thus arm'd with *Poetry* they win the Soul.

Pass further through the *Dome*, another View
 Wou'd now the Pleasures of thy Mind renew,

Where oft, *Description* for the Colours goes,
 Which raise and animate its native Shows;
 Where oft *Narration* seeks a florid Grace
 To keep from sinking e're 'tis time to cease;
 Where easy Turns *Reflection* looks to find,
 When *Morals* aim at Dress to please the Mind;
 Where lively *Figures* are for use array'd,
 And these an *Action*, those a *Passion*, aid.

There modest *Metaphors* in order sit,
 With unaffected undisguising Wit,
 That leave their own, and seek another's Place,
 Not forc'd, but changing with an easy Pace,
 To deck a Notion faintly seen before,
 And *Truth* preserves her Shape, and shines the more.

By these the beauteous *Similies* reside,
 In Look more open, in Design ally'd,
 Who, fond of Likeness, from another's Face
 Bring ev'ry Feature's corresponding Grace,
 With near Approaches in Expression flow,
 And take the Turn their Pattern loves to show;
 As in a Glass the Shadows meet the Fair,
 And dress and practice with resembling Air:
 Thus *Truth*, by Pleasure doth her Aim pursue,
 Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled View.

There

There *Repetitions* one another meet,
 Expresly strong or languishingly sweet,
 And raise the sort of Sentiment they please,
 And urge the sort of Sentiment they raise.

There close in Order are the *Questions* plac'd,
 Which march with Art conceal'd in Shows of Haste,
 And work the *Reader* till his Mind be brought
 To make its Answers in the *Writers* Thought.
 For thus the moving *Passions* seem to throng,
 And with their Quickness force the Soul along;
 And thus the Soul grows fond they shou'd prevail,
 When ev'ry *Question* seems a fair Appeal;
 And if by just Degrees of Strength they soar,
 In Steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange *Commotion* naturally shown,
 Speaks on regardless that we speak alone,
 Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
 Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
 The Warmth of *Anger* dares an absent *Foe*;
 The Words of *Pity* speak to Tears of *Woe*;
 The *Love* that hopes, on Errands sends the Breeze;
 And *Love despairing* moans to naked Trees.

There stand the new *Creations* of the *Muse*,
Poetick Persons, whom the *Writers* use

When-

Whene'er a Cause magnificently great,
Wou'd fix Attention with peculiar Weight.
'Tis hence that humbled *Provinces* are seen
Transform'd to *Matrons* with neglected Mein,
Who call their *Warriors* in a mournful Sound,
And shew their Crowns of *Turrets* on the Ground,
While over *Urns* reclining *Rivers* moan
They shou'd enrich a Nation not their own.
'Tis hence the *Virtues* are no more confin'd
To be but Rules of Reason in the Mind;
Their heav'nly *Forms* start forth, appear to breath,
And in bright Shapes converse with Men beneath,
And, as a *God*, in Combat *Valour* leads,
In Council *Prudence* as a *Goddeſs* aids.

There *Exclamations* all the Voice employ
In sudden Flashes of *Concern* or *Joy*:
Then seems the Sluices which the *Passions* bound,
To burst asunder with a speechless Sound;
And then with Tumult and Surprise they roue,
And shew the Case important in the Soul.

There rising *Sentences* attempt to speak,
Which *Wonder*, *Sorrow*, *Shame*, or *Anger*, break;
But so the *Part* directs to find the rest,
That what remains behind is more than guest.
Thus fill'd with Ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
The Sense looks large within the Readers View:

He freely gathers all the *Passion* means,
And artful *Silence* more than Words explains.

Methinks a thousand *Graces* more I see,
And I cou'd dwell——but when wou'd Thought be free?
Engaging *Method* ranges all the Band,
And smooth *Transition* joins them Hand in Hand:
Around the Musick of my Lays they throng,
Ah too deserving Objects of my Song!
Live wonderous *Palace*, live secure of Time,
To Senses *Harmony*, to Souls *Sublime*,
And just *Proportion* all, and great *Design*,
And lively *Colours*, and an *Air divine*.

'Tis here, that guided by the *Muses* Fire,
And fill'd with sacred Thought, her *Friends* retire,
Unbent to Care, and unconcern'd with Noise,
To taste Repose and elevated Joys,
Which in a deep untroubled Leisure meet,
Serenely Ravishing, politely sweet.

From hence the *Charms* that most engage they choose,
And as they please the glittering Objects use;
While to their *Genius* more than *Art* they trust,
Yet *Art* acknowledges their Labours just.
From hence they look, from this exalted Show,
To choose their Subject in the World below,

And

And where an *Hero* well deserves a Name,
 They consecrate his Acts in Song to *Fame* ;
 Or if a *Science* unadorn'd they find,
 They smooth its Look to please and teach the *Mind* ;
 And where a *Friendship's* generously strong,
 They celebrate the Knot of Souls in Song ;
 Or if the *Verses* must inflame *Desire*,
 The Thoughts are melted, and the Words on fire :
 But when the *Temples* deck'd with Glory stand,
 And Hymns of *Gratitude* the *Gods* demand,
 Their Bosoms kindle with *Celestial Love*,
 And then alone they cast their Eyes above.
 Hail sacred *Versè* ! ye sacred *Muses* hail !
 Cou'd I your Pleasures with your Fire reveal,
 The World might then be taught to know your right,
 And court your Rage, and envy my Delight.
 But whilst I follow where your pointed Beams,
 My Course directing, shoot in Golden Streams,
 The bright Appearance dazzles *Fancy's* Eyes,
 And weary'd out the fix'd *Attention* lies,
 Enough my *Verses* have you work'd my Breast,
 I'll seek the sacred *Grove*, and sink to Rest.

" No longer now the ravish'd *Poet* sung,
 " His Voice in easy Cadence left the Tongue ;
 " Nor o'er the Musick did his Fingers fly,
 " The Sounds ran tingling and they seem'd to die.

O BOLINGBROKE ! O Fav'rite of the Skies,
 O born to Gifts by which the noblest rise,
 Improv'd in Arts by which the brightest please,
 Intent to Business, and polite for Ease ;
 Sublime in Eloquence, where loud *Applause*
 Hath stii'd thee *Patron* of a Nation's Cause.
 'Twas there the World perceiv'd and own'd thee great ;
 Thence ANNA call'd thee to the Reins of State ;
 Go, said the Greatest *Queen*, with OXFORD go,
 And still the Tumults of the World below,
 Exert thy Powers, and prosper ; he that knows
 To move with OXFORD never shou'd repose.
 She spoke : The *Patriot* overspread thy Mind,
 And all thy Days to publick Good resign'd.
 Else might thy Soul so wonderfully wrought
 For ev'ry Depth and Turn of curious Thought,
 To this the *Poet's* sweet *Recess* retreat,
 And thence report the Pleasures of the Seat,
 Describe the Raptures which a *Writer* knows,
 When in his Breast a Vein of Fancy glows,
 Describe his Business while he works the Mine,
 Describe his Temper when he sees it shine,
 Or say when *Readers* easy Verse insnares,
 How much the *Writers* Mind can act on theirs :
 Whence *Images* in charming Numbers set,
 A sort of Likeness in the Soul beget,

And

And what fair *Visions* oft we fancy nigh
By fond Delusions of the swimming Eye,
Or further pierce through *Nature's* Maze to find
How *Passions* drawn give *Passions* to the Mind.

Oh what a sweet Confusion ! what Surprise !
How quick the shifting Views of Pleasure rise !
While lightly skimming, with a transient Wing,
I touch the Beauties which I wish to sing.
Is *Versè* a Sov'reign Regent of the *Soul*,
And fitted all its Motions to controul ?
Or are they Sisters, tun'd at once above,
And shake like *Unisons* if either move ?
For when the Numbers sing an eager Fight,
I've heard a Soldier's Voice express Delight ;
I've seen his Eyes with crowding Spirits shine,
And round his Hilt his Hand unthinking Twine.
When from the Shore the fickle *Trojan* flies,
And in sweet Measures poor *Eliza* dies,
I've seen the Book forsake the Virgin's Hand,
And in her Eyes the Tears but hardly stand.
I've known her blush at soft *Corinna's* Name,
And in red Characters confess a Flame :
Or with Success had more adorn'd his Arms
Who gave the World for *Cleopatra's* Charms.

Ye Sons of *Glory*, be my first Appeal,
 If here the Pow'r of Lines these Lines reveal.
 When some great Youth has with impetuous Thought
 Read o'er Atchievements which another wrought,
 And seen his *Courage* and his *Honour* go
 Through crowding Nations in *Triumphant* Show,
 His Soul enchanted by the Words he reads
 Shines all impregnated with sparkling Seeds,
 And *Courage* here, and *Honour* there, appears,
 In brave Design that soars beyond his Years,
 And *this* a Spear, and *that* a Chariot lends,
 And War and Triumph he by Turns attends :
 Thus gallant Pleasures are his waking Dream,
 Till some fair Cause have call'd him forth to Fame.
 Then form'd to Life on what the *Poet* made,
 And breathing Slaughter, and in Arms array'd,
 He marches forward on the daring Foe,
 And *Emulation* acts in ev'ry Blow.
 Great *Hector's* Shade in Fancy stalks along,
 From Rank to Rank amongst the Martial Throng,
 While from his Acts he learns a noble Rage,
 And shines like *Hector* in the present Age.
 Thus Verse will raise him to the Victor's Bays,
 And Verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his Praise.

Ye tender *Beauties*, be my Witness too,
 If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.

With

With sweet Experience oft a *Fair* may find
Her Passions mov'd by Passions well design'd ;
And then she longs to meet a gentle Swain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by Chance an am'rous Youth appears,
With Pants and Blushes she the Courtship hears ;
And finds a Tale that must with theirs agree,
And he's *Septimius*, and his *Acme* she :
Thus lost in Thought her melted heart she gives,
And the rais'd *Lover* by the *Poet* lives.





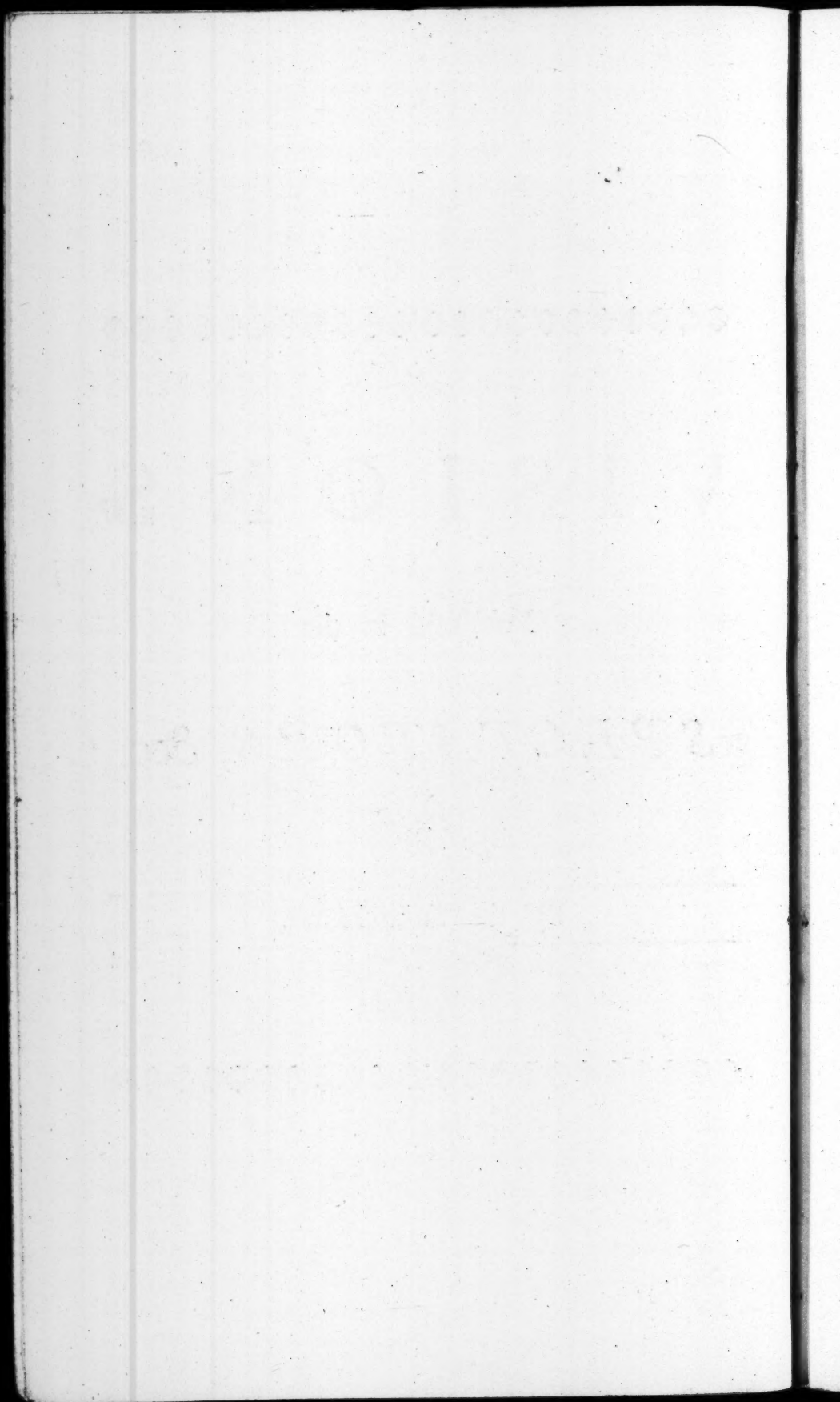
VISIONS,

Publish'd in the

SPECTATORS, &c.

By the same Hand.







VISION I.

SPECTATOR. N^o 460.

Decipimur Specie Recti—Hor.



OUR Defects and Follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for Demonstrations of our Worth. This makes us easy in the Midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions must afford us Pleasures, and display us to others in the Colours which we our selves take a Fancy to glory in: And indeed there is something so amusing for the Time in this State of Vanity and ill-grounded Satisfaction, that even the wiser World has chosen an exalted Word to describe its Enchantments, and called it *the Paradise of Fools*.

Perhaps

Perhaps the latter Part of this Reflection may seem a false Thought to some, and bear another Turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my Business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a Vision.

Methought I was transported to a Hill, green, flowery, and of an easy Ascent. Upon the broad Top of it resided squint-eyed *Errour*, and popular *Opinion* with many Heads; two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themselves. To these repaired a Multitude from every Side, by two different Paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming Air went directly of themselves to *Errour*, without expecting a Conductor; others of a softer Nature went first to popular *Opinion*, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own Praises, she delivered them over to his Government.

When we had ascended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her Voice was pleasing; she breathed Odours as she spoke: She seemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a Paradise which she promised as the Reward of his Merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, 'till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: And it was observable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either praising themselves in their Qualifications, or one another for those Qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own Characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

At last we approached a Bower, at the Entrance of which *Errour* was seated. The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Resemblance to *Truth*: And as she has a Light whereby she manifests the
Beauties

Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical Wand that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with Delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the Glories which he kept under Enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our Eyes on that part of the Sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue Prospect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Mists go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

The Foundation hardly seem'd a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it stood upon by magical Contrivance. The Way by which we ascend was painted like a Rainbow; and as we went the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senses. The Walls were gilded all for Show; the lowest set of Pillars were of the slight fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded, bore so far the Resemblance of a Bubble.

At the Gate the Travellers neither met with a Porter nor waited 'till one should appear; every one thought his Merits a sufficient Passport, and pressed forward. In the Hall we met with several Phantoms, that rov'd amongst us, and rang'd the Company according to their Sentiments. There was decreas'ing *Honour*, that had nothing to shew in but an old Coat of his Ancestors Atchievements: There was *Offensation*, that made himself his own constant Subject, and *Gallantry* strutting upon his Tip-toes. At the Uper End of the Hall stood a Throne, whose Canopy glitter'd with all the Riches that Gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded Arms sat *Vanity* deck'd in the Peacock's Feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries. The Boy who stood beside her for a *Cupid*, and who made the World to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His Eyes had every now and then a Cast inwards, to the Neglect of all Objects about him; and the Arms which he made use of for Conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a Design. The Arrow which he shot at the Soldier, was fledg'd from his own Plume of Feathers; the Dart he directed against the Man of Wit, was wing'd

wing'd with the Quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treasures: He made Nets for Statesmen from their own Contrivances; he took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts; and Lightning from the Tongues of the Eloquent, to enflame them with their own Glories. At the Foot of the Throne sat three false Graces, *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint, *Affectation* with a Mirrour to practise at, and *Fashion* ever changing the Posture of her Cloaths. These applied themselves to secure the Conquests which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular Politicks. *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complexions to all Things, *Affectation* new Airs and Appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar, and *Fashion* both concealed some home Defects, and added some foreign external Beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus managed by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Error*, fir'd by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courtes of *Vanity*, 'till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. These Expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general Disorder, 'till at last there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the Words he had uttered. He appeared inclin'd to have spoken in his own Defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* cast a scornful Smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-dealing*, put on a *Vizard*, and turned away; *Affectation* tossed her Fan, made Mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Fashion* would have it, that at least he must be *Ill-Manners*. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing People of Merit and Figure; and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better where-ever they met with him hereafter.

I had

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that Warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter Words should be fulfilled, when a mighty Noise was heard without, and the Door was blackened by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were seen in the House before they entered. *Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn* and *Poverty* brought up the Rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, disappeared; her Subjects ran into Holes and Corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to Prisons or Cellars, Solitude, or little Company, the mean Arts or the viler Crafts of Life. But these, added he with a disdainful Air, are such who would fondly live here, when their Merits neither matched the Lustre of the Place, nor their Riches its Expences. We have seen such Scenes as these before now; the Glory you saw will all return when the Hurry is over. I thank'd him for his Information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay 'till it was his Turn to be taken, I made off to the Door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-dealing*, were now terrified to good Purpose by the Example of others: But when they had touched the Treshold, it was a strange Shock to them to find that the Delusion of *Error* was gone, and they plainly discerned the Building to hang a little up in the Air without any real Foundation. At first we saw nothing, but a desperate Leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning Curiosity that had brought me into so much Danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own Minds, methought the Palace sunk along with us, 'till they were arrived at the due Point of *Esteem* which they ought to have for themselves; then the Part of the Building in which they stood touched the Earth, and we departing out, it retired from our Eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the Palace were sensible of this Descent, I cannot tell; it was then my Opinion that they were not. However it be, my Dream broke up at it, and has given me Occasion all my Life to reflect upon the fatal Consequences of following the Suggestions of *Vanity*.



VISION II

SPECTATOR. N^o 501.

HOW are we tortured with the Absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What Excursions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the Disappointment! Our Grief, instead of having Recourse to Reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further Nourishment. It calls upon Memory to relate the several Passages and Circumstances of Satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the Pleasures we purchased by those Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of our Friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the Passion should often swell to such a Size as to burst the Heart which contains it, if time did not make these Circumstances less strong and lively, so that Reason should become a more equal Match for the Passion, or if another Desire which becomes more present did not
over-

overpower them with a livelier Representation. These are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Vision upon this Subject, and may therefore stand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found my self upon a naked Shore, with Company whose afflicted Countenances witnessed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, silent, and called the River of *Tears*, which issuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, encompassed an Island that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overfet by the Impatience and Haste of single Passengers to arrive to the other side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our Places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and composed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too, who 'till then cry'd the loudest, were persuaded by her, and return'd back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose Good-nature would not suffer her to forsake Persons in Trouble) desired Leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small Comfort or Advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the Boat was pushed off, the Sheet was spread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a Passage to the farther Bank thro' several Difficulties of which the most of us seem'd utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceiv'd the Island to be strangely over-cast with Fogs, which no Brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy Horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy Tempers, insomuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this time gain'd over, left us here, and privily convey'd themselves round the Verge of the Island to find a Ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my Part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joining ourselves

to others whom we found upon the same Journey, we marched solemnly as at a Funeral, thro' bordering Hedges of Rosemary, and thro' a Grove of Yew-Trees, which love to overshadow Tombs and flourish in Church-Yards. Here we heard on every Side the Wailings and Complaints of several of the Inhabitants who had cast themselves disconsolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we chanc'd to approach one of these, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breasts, tearing their Hair, or after some other Manner visibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heighten'd by the Influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our Number was wrought up to such a Pitch of Wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a Bough which shot temptingly a-cross the Path we travelled in; but he was restrain'd from it by the kind Endeavours of our abovementioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent Part of the Island, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the Branches, the Thickness of Air which occasioned faintish Respiration, and the violent Throbbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approach'd the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, sunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. These crept slow, and half congealed amongst its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Echo of Groans that rolled thro' all the Passages. In the most retired part of it sat the *doleful Being* her self; the Path to her was strewed with Goads, Stings, and Thorns; and the Throne on which she sat was broken into a Rock with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Mist hung above her, her Head oppressed with it reclined upon her Arm: Thus did she reign over her disconsolate Subjects, full of her self to Stupidity, in eternal Pensiveness, and the profoundest Silence. On one Side of her stood *Dejection* just dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleness* wasting to a Skeleton; on the other side were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguish* suffering outward Troubles to suck the Blood from her Heart in the Shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had

a genuine Dismalness in it, which a few scattered Lamps, whose blueish Flames arose and sunk in their Urns, discovered to our Eyes with Encrease. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the Way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either Hand of the Presence; others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose Company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and ascended at the Back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whose Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath, and lifting our Eyes, which 'till then were fixed downwards, felt a fullen Sort of Satisfaction, in observing thro' the Shades what Numbers had entred the Island. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own Concern, to have Respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn Estate. It had also the Ground-work of Humanity and Compassion in it, though the Mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad Occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received Pity, and so by Degrees became tolerable Company.

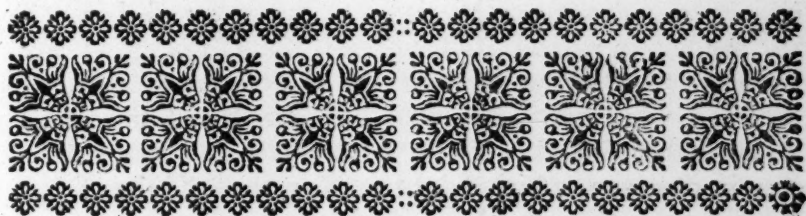
A considerable Part of the troublesome Road was thus deceived; at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air seemed thinner, it lay with less Oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern Tracts in it of a lighter Greyness, like Breakings of Day, short in Duration, much enlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amusement*. Within a short while these Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer Continuance; the *Sighs* that hither-

to filled the Air with so much Dolefulness, altered to the Sound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the Ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable Mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the Shore to find the Place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the World only at that time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters, that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier Matter for us to wade over.

The River being crossed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by asking any Particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a Case of so much Affliction, we could not have made Choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing serene at her Praises, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* smiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that Side to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.





VISION III.

GUARDIAN. N° 56.

*Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant.* Claud.

I Was considering last Night, when I could not sleep, how noble a Part of the Creation Man was design'd to be, and how distinguished in all his Actions above other earthly Creatures. From whence I fell to take a View of the Change and Corruption which he has introduced into his own Condition, the groveling Appetites, the mean Characters of Sense, and wild Courses of Passions, that cast him from the Degree in which Providence had placed him, the debasing himself with Qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower Sphere of Action. This inspired me with a mixture of Contempt and Anger; which however, was not so violent as to hinder the Return of Sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my Reflections with giving Mankind the opprobrious Names of Inconsiderate, Mad and Foolish.

Here methought, where my waking Reason left the Subject, my Fancy pursued it in a Dream; and I imagined my self in a loud Soliloquy of Passion, railing at my Species, and walking hard to get rid of the Company I despised; when two Men who had over-heard me made up on either Hand. These I observed had many Features in common, which might occasion the Mistake of the one for the other in those to whom they appear single, but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that tho' there was an Air of Severity in each, it was tempered with a natural Sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the Designs of Malice in the other.

I was at a Loss to know the Reason of their joining me so briskly, when he whose Appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his Companion. Pray, Brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a Tyger. This struck me with Horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my Disorder, bid me be of good Courage, for tho' I had been Savage in my Treatment of Mankind, (whom I shou'd rather reform than rail against) he would, however endeavour to rescue me from my Danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I testified my Resignation to him, we saw the angry Brother sling away from us in a Passion for his Disappointment. Being now left to my Friend, I went back with him at his Desire, that I might know the Meaning of those Words which so affrighted me.

As we went along, to inform you, says he, with whom you have this Adventure, my Name is *Reproof*, and his *Reproach*, both born of the same Mother, but of different Fathers. *Truth* is our common Parent. *Friendship*, who saw her, fell in Love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after *Enmity* lying in Ambush for her, became the Father of him whom you saw along with me. The Temper of our Mother inclines us to the same Sort of Business, the informing Mankind of their Faults; but the differing Complexions of our Fathers make us differ in our Designs and Company. I have a natural

tural Benevolence in my Mind which engages me with Friends, and he a natural Impetuosity in his, which casts him among Enemies.

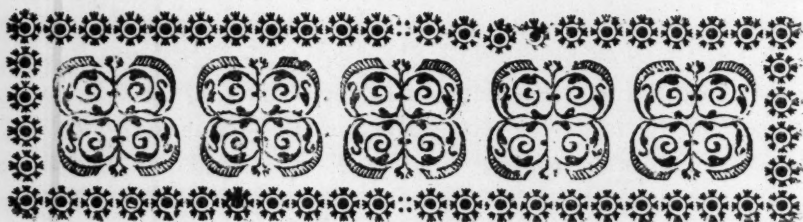
As he thus discoursed we came to a Place where there were three Entrances into as many several Walks, which lay beside one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain, strait, regular Walk, set with Trees, which added to the Beauty of the Place, but did not so close their Boughs over head as to exclude the Light from it. Here as we walked I was made to observe, how the Road on one Hand was full of Rocks and Precipices, over which *Reproach* (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy Wretches; the other Side was all laid out in Gardens of gaudy Tulips, amongst whose Leaves the Serpents wreath'd, and at the End of every grassy Walk the Enchantress *Flattery* was weaving Bowers to lull Souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, 'till we arrived at a Building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by *Truth* for a Watch Tower, from whence she took a view of the Earth, and, as she saw Occasion, sent out *Reproof*, or even *Reproach*, for our Reformation. Over the Door I took Notice that a Face was carved with a Heart upon the Lips of it, and presently call'd to Mind that this was the Antients Emblem of *Sincerity*. In the Entrance I met with *Freedom of Speech* and *Complaisance*, who had for a long time looked upon one another as Enemies; but *Reproof* has so happily brought them together, that they now act as Friends and Fellow-agents in the same Family. Before I ascended up the Stairs, I had my Eyes purified by a Water which made me see extremely clear, and I think they said it sprung in a Pit, from whence (as *Democritus* had reported) they formerly brought up *Truth*, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper Chamber of Prospect, which was called *the Knowledge of Mankind*; here the Window was no sooner opened but I perceived the Clouds to roll off and part before me, and a Scene of all the Variety of the World presented it self.

But how different was Mankind in this View, from what it used to appear! Methought the very Shape of most of

them was lost; some had the Heads of Dogs, others of Apes or Parrots, and in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy Qualities of other Creatures, the Change of his Soul became visible in his Countenance. The strutting Pride of him who is endued with Brutality instead of Courage, made his Face shoot out in the Form of a *Horse's*; his Eyes became prominent, his Nostrils widened, and his Wig untying flowed down on one Side of his Neck in a waving Mane. The Talkativeness of those who love the ill Nature of Conversation made them turn into *Assemblies* of *Geese*, their Lips hardened into Bills by eternal using, they gabbled for Diversion, they hiss'd in Scandal, and their Ruffles falling back on their Arms, a Succession of little Feathers appeared, which formed Wings for them to flutter with from one Visit to another. The Envious and Malicious lay on the Ground with the Heads of different Sorts of Serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating Mischief to others, they suck'd the Poison of the Earth, sharpened their Tongues to Stings upon the Stones, and rolled their Trains unperceivably beneath their Habits. The Hypocritical Oppressors wore the Faces of Crocodiles, their Mouths were Instruments of Cruelty, their Eyes of Deceit; they committed Wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the World; they devoured the Unwary, and wept over the Remains of them. The Covetous had so hook'd and worn their Fingers by counting Interest upon Interest, that they converted to the Claws of Harpies, and these they still were stretching out for more, yet seem'd unsatisfied with their Acquisitions. The Sharpers had the Looks of Camelions; they every Minute changed their Appearance, and fed on Swarms of Flies which fell as so many Cullies amongst them. The Bully seem'd a Dung-hil Cock, he crested well, and bore his Comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for Triumph; and only the mean Coward prick'd up the Ears of a Hare to fly before him. Criticks were turned into Cats, whose Pleasure and Grumbling go together. Fops were Apes in embroider'd Jackets. Flatterers were curl'd Spaniels, fawning and crouching. The Crafty had the Face of a Fox, the Sleathful of an *Als*, the Cruel of a Wolf, the Ill-bred of a Bear,

Bear, the Leachers were Goats, and the Gluttons Swine. Drunkenness was the only Vice that did not change the Face of its Professors into that of another Creature; but this I took to be far from a Privilege, for these two Reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of it self, and because none of the lower Ranks of Beings is guilty of so foolish an Intemperance.

As I was taking a View of these Representations of things, without any more Order than is usual in a Dream, or in the Confusion of the World it self, I perceived, a Concern within me for what I saw; my Eyes began to moisten, and as if the Virtue of that Water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a Passion, the Clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the Prospect. I then turned towards my Guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner: You have seen the Condition of Mankind when it descends from its Dignity; now therefore guard your self from that Degeneracy by a modest Greatness of Spirit on one side, and a conscious Shame on the other. Endeavour also with a Generosity of Goodness to make your Friends aware of it; let them know what Defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the Matter as you see Reason, either with the Airs of severe or humorous Affection; sometimes plainly describing the Degeneracy in its full proper Colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a Day or so many Months to turn Bears, Wolves, or Foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote Acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of Admonition; expose the Beasts whose Qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their Persons. The Possibility of their applying this is very obvious: The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the Pictures of Animals explain their Minds to one another instead of Writings; and indeed it is hardly to be missed, since *Aesop* took them out of their mute Condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the Actions of Mankind.



VISION IV.

GUARDIAN. N^o 66.

THERE is a Set of Mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natur'd Office of gathering up a Collection of Stories that lessen the Reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain Air of Satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent and unmeaning Curiosity, a Desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a Willingness to profit by Reflection upon the Actions of others, may sometimes afford an Excuse, or sometimes a Defence, for Inquisitiveness; but certainly it is beyond all Excuse, a Transgression against Humanity, to carry the Matter further, to tear off the Dressings, as I may say, from the Wounds of a Friend, and Expose them to the Air in cruel Fits of Diversion; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an Outrage of an higher Nature, which Mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the Stories of Folly, Frailty and Vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken Characters that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such Practises as these it happens, that

that some feel a Sorrow, and others are agitated with a Spirit of Revenge; that Scandals or Lies are told, because another has told such before; that Resentments and Quarrels arise, and Injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a Scene of Vengeance.

All this I have often observed with abundance of Concern; and having a perfect Desire to further the Happiness of Mankind, I lately set my self to consider the Causes from whence such Evils arise, and the Remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my Eyes to prevent Distraction from outward Objects, and a while after shot away, upon an Impulse of Thought, into the *World of Ideas*, where abstracted Qualities became visible in such Appearances as were agreeable to each of their Natures.

That part of the Country, where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The Winds whistled, the Leaves rustled, the Brooks rumbled, the Birds chatter'd, the Tongues of Men were heard, and the Echo mingled something of every Sound in its Repetition, so that there was a strange Confusion and Uproar of Sounds about me. At length, as the Noise still encreased, I could discern a Man habited like a Herald (and as I afterwards understood) called *Novelty*, that came forward proclaiming a solemn Day to be kept at the House of *Common Fame*. Immediately behind him advanced three Nymphs, who had monstrous Appearances. The first of these was *Curiosity*, habited like a Virgin, and having an hundred Ears upon her Head to serve in her Enquiries. The Second of these was *Talkativeness*, a little better grown, she seemed to be like a young Wife, and had an hundred Tongues to spread her Stories. The Third was *Censoriousness*, habited like a Widow, and surrounded with an hundred squinting Eyes of a malignant Influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the Informations she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing *Common Fame*, when upon her Birth-Day she was shuffled into a Crowd, to escape the Search which *Truth* might have made after her
and

and her Parents. *Curiosity* found her there, *Talkativeness* convey'd her away, and *Censoriousness* so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious Size, and obtained an Empire over the Universe; wherefore the *Power*, in Gratitude for these Services, has since advanced them to her highest Employments. The next who came forward in this Procession was a light Damsel, called *Credulity*, who carried behind them the Lamp, the Silver Vessel with a Spout, and other Instruments proper for this solemn Occasion. She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the Number of their Ears, Tongues and Eyes, that they might be the proper *Genii* of *Attention*, *Familiar Converse*, and *Ocular Demonstration*, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper Garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my Name, to meet you at this time, stay close by me, and take a strict Observation of all that passes. Her Voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the Meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward thro' the *Rookery* of *Rumours*, which flew thick and with a terrible Din all around us. At length we arrived at the House of *Common Fame*, where a Hecatomb of *Reputations* was that Day to fall for her Pleasure. The House stood upon an Eminence, having a thousand Passages to it, and a thousand whispering Holes for the Conveyance of Sound. The Hall we entered was formed with the Art of a Musick-Chamber for the Improvement of Noises. *Rest* and *Silence* are banished the Place. *Stories* of different Natures wander in light Flocks all about, sometimes Truths and Lies, or sometimes Lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a Table painted after the manner of the remotest *Asiatick* Countries, upon which the Lamp, the Silver Vessel, and Cups of a white Earth, were planted in order. Then dried Herbs were brought, collected for the Solemnity in Moonshine, and Water being put to them, there was a greenish Li-
quor

quor made, to which they added the Flower of Milk, and an Extraction from the Canes of *America*, for performing a Libation to the infernal Powers of *Mischief*. After this, *Curiosity*, retiring to a withdrawing-Room, brought forth the *Victims*, being to Appearance a Set of small waxen Images, which she laid upon the Table one after another. Immediately *Talkative*ness gave each of them the Name of some one, whom for the time they were to represent; and *Censoriousness* stuck them all about with black Pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the Prejudice of the Persons represented. No sooner were these Rites performed, and Incantations uttered, but the Sound of a Speaking Trumpet was heard in the Air, by which they knew the *Deity* of the Place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the Sky grew darker, a Storm arose, and Murmurs, Sighs, Groans, Cries, and the Words of Grief or Resentment were heard within it. Thus the three *Sorceresses* discovered, that they, whose Names they had given to the Images, were already affected with what was done to them in Effigie. The Knowledge of this was received with the loudest Laughter, and in many Congratulatory Words they applauded one another's Wit and Power.

As Matters were at this high Point of Disorder, the muffled Lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous Proceedings, threw off her upper Garment of *Reserve*, and appeared to be *Truth*. As soon as she had confessed her self present, the Speaking-Trumpet ceas'd to Sound, the Sky cleared up, the Storm abated, the Noises which were heard in it ended, the Laughter of the Company was over, and a serene Light, 'till then unknown to the Place, was diffused around it. At this the detected *Sorceresses* endeavoured to escape in a Cloud which I saw began to thicken about them, but was soon dispersed, their Charms being controled and prevailed over by the superior *Divinity*. For my Part I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what Punishments she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off *Curiosity*'s Ears, and fix them to the Eaves of Houses, to nail the Tongue of *Talkative*ness to *Indian* Tables, and to put out the Eyes of *Censoriousness* with a Flash of her Light.

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In respect of *Credulity* I had indeed some little Pity, and had I been Judge, she might perhaps, have escaped with a hearty Reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning *Judge* had other Designs, she knew them for such as will not be destroyed intirely, while Mankind is in Being, and yet ought to have a Brand and Punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a Seat for Judgment, and had the *Criminals* brought forward by *Shame*, ever blushing, and *Trouble* with a Whip of many Lashes, two Phantoms who had dogged the *Procession* in Disguise, and waited 'till they had an Authority from *Truth* to lay Hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered *Curiosity* and *Talkativeness* to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light *Credulity* she linkt to *Shame* at the Tormenter's own Request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her Prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her Punishment, and partly for her Amendment. *Censoriousness* was also in like manner begged by *Trouble*, and had her assign'd for an eternal Companion. After they were thus chain'd with one another, by the Judge's Order, she drove them from the Presence to wander for ever thro' the World, with *Novelty* talking before them.

The Cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the Splendour of her own Glory, which leaving the House it had brightned, the Sounds that were proper to the Place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered, and there being no longer a clear distinguished Appearance of any Objects represented to me, I returned from the Excursion I had made in Fancy.



V I S I O N V.

WHatever Industry and Eagerness the modern Discoverers have shewn for the Knowledge of new Countries, there yet remains an ample Field in the Creation to which they are utter Strangers, and which all the Methods of Travelling hitherto invented, will never bring them acquainted with. Of this I can give a very particular Instance in an Accident which lately happened to me.

As I was on the 6th of this Instant, being *Feb. 1715*. walking with my Eyes cast upward, I fell into a Reflection on the vast Tracts of Air which appear'd before me as uninhabited. And wherefore, said I to my self, shou'd all this Space be created? Can it only be for an odd Bird to fly through, as now and then a Man may pass a Desert? Or are there also Kingdoms with their particular Polities, and People of a Species which we know nothing of, ordain'd to live in it.

It was in this Manner I continued my Thought, when my Feet forsook the Level, and I was insensibly mounted in the Air 'till I arriv'd at a footing as firm and level as what I had left. But with what Surprise did I find my self among Creatures distinct from us in Shape and Customs?
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The Inhabitants are of a small Stature, below those which History describes for Pigmies. The tallest of them exceed not fourteen or fifteen Inches, and the least are hardly three. This difference proceeds only from their Growth before they are brought to light; for after we never observe them to grow, unless it please their Parents, who have this uncommon Method of enabling them: They recall them to the Womb, where having been for some time, they receive an Addition to their Bulk, then go back to their Houses, and continue at a Stand as they did before. The Experiment has been often try'd with Success, but some have suffered extremely by undergoing it.

Their Skins are like the antient *Britains*, all drawn over with a Variety of Figures. The Colour made use of for this end, is generally Black. I have indeed observ'd in some of the Religious, and Lawyers of the Country, Red here and there intermingl'd, tho' not so commonly of late. They tell me too, they often us'd to paint with all Colours; and I visited two or three of the old Inhabitants, who were adorn'd in that Fashion: But this is now disused, since the new Inventions, by which the use of a black Fountain that belongs to that Country, is render'd more useful and serviceable.

The *Cloaths* in which they go clad, are the Skins of Beasts, worn by some Plain, by others with Figures wrought upon them. Gold is also made use of by some, to beautify their Apparel; but very seldom Silver, unless, as Buckles are by us, for fastening the Garment before. I have seen some of them go like Seamen in thin blue Shirts, others like *Indians* in a party-colour'd loose kind of Apparel, and others, who they told me were the *Politicians* of the Country, go about stark naked.

The Manner of dressing them is this: At first when they come into the World, they have a Suit given them, which if it do not fit exactly, is not, as with us, fitted up again, but the Children are in a cruel Manner cut and squeez'd to bring them to its Proportion. Yet this they seem not much to regard, provided their principal Parts are not affected.

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When the Dress is thus settled on them, they are elad for Life, it being seldom their Custom to alter it, or put it off: In short, they live in it Night and Day, and wear it to Rags rather than part with it, being sure of the same Torture, and a greater Danger if they shou'd be dress'd a second time. I have further taken Notice, that they delight to go open Breasted, most of them shewing their Bosoms speckled. Some *Lawyers* indeed wear them quite White, perhaps for Distinction sake, or to be known at a Distance. But the finest Shew, is among the Beaux and Ladies, who mightily affect something of Gold, both before and behind them.

Food I never saw them eat; they being a People, who, as I observed, live in Air: Their *Houses* are all single and high, having no back Rooms, but frequently seven or eight Stories, which are all separate Houses above one another. They have one Gate to their City, and generally no Doors to their Houses; tho' I have sometimes seen them have particular Doors, and even made of Glass, where the Inhabitants have been observ'd to stand many Days, that their fine Apparel may be seen thro' them. If at any time they lye down, which they do when they come from their Habitations (as if coming abroad were their greatest Fatigue) they will lie together in Heaps without receiving Hurt: Though the soundest Sleep they get, is when they can have Dust enough to cover them over.

The Females amongst them are but few, nothing being produced by a Marriage of Sexes. The Males are of a different Strength or Endowment of Parts, some having Knowledge in an Extream Degree, and others none at all; yet at the same time, they are mighty Pretenders to instruct others. Their *Names*, (for as many as wou'd discover them to me) I observ'd to be the very same as ours are upon Earth; I met a few who made theirs a Mystery, but why, I am yet to learn. They are so communicative, that they will tell all the Knowledge they boast, if a Stranger apply himself to their Conversation: And this may be worth his while, if he considers that all Languages, Arts, and Sciences, are profest amongst them. I think I may say it without Vanity, that I knew a certain *Talisman*, with proper Figures and
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Characters inscrib'd, whereby their greatest People may be charm'd, brought to reside with a Man, and serve him like a Familiar in the Conduct of Life.

There is no such thing as *Fighting* amongst them, but their Controversies are determin'd by *Words*, wherein, they seldom own themselves conquer'd, yet proceed no further than two or three Replies: Perhaps indeed two others take up their Neighbours Quarrel, but then they desist too after the same Manner; sometimes however, Blows have ensu'd upon their Account, though not amongst them: In such a Case they have descended to inspire Mankind with their Sentiments, and chosen Champions from among us, in order to decide it.

The time of their *Life* is very different, some dye as soon as born, and others in their Youth; some get a new Lease of Life by their entring into the Womb again, and if any weather it out to an hundred Years, they generally live on to an extreme Age. After which it is remarkable, that instead of growing weaker as we do, by time, they increase in Strength, and become at last so confirm'd in Health, that it is the Opinion of their Country, they never can perish while the World remains.

The *Sicknesses* which may take them off, besides what happens from their natural Weakness of Body, are of different Sorts. One is *over-moisture*, which affecting their Mansions, makes them lose their Complexions, become deform'd, and rot away insensibly: This is often obviated by their not keeping too much within Doors. Another is the *Worms*, which prey upon their Bowels: If they be maim'd by Accidents, they become like us, so far useless; and that Maim will some time or other be the Occasion of their Ruin. However, they perish by these Means only in Appearance, and like Spirits, who vanish in one Place, to be seen in another. But as Men dye of Passions, so *Disesteem* is what the most nearly touches them; then they withdraw into Holes and Corners, and consume away in Darknes. Or
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if they are kept alive a few Days by the force of *Spices*, it is but a short Reprieve from their Perishing to Eternity ; without any Honour, but that instead of a Burial, a small Pyre of *Past* shou'd be erected over them, while they, like the antient *Romans*, are reduc'd to Ashes.

N. B. *This Vision is to be understood of a Library of Books.*

F I N I S.





I N D E X.



	Page
H ESIOD, <i>or the Rise of Woman.</i>	1
<i>Song.</i>	12, 13, 14
<i>Anacreontick.</i>	15, 18.
<i>A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English Style.</i>	21
<i>Pervigilium Veneris.</i> }	
<i>The Vigil of Venus.</i> }	30
<i>The Life of Zoilus</i>	—
<i>Battel of the Frogs and Mice.</i>	45
<i>The Remarks of Zoilus upon Homer's Battel of the Frogs</i>	
<i>and Mice.</i>	71
<i>To Mr. Pope.</i>	85
<i>Part of the first Canto of the Rape of the Lock Translated.</i>	90
<i>Health; an Eclogue.</i>	94
<i>The Flies; an Eclogue.</i>	97
<i>An Elegy. To an old Beauty.</i>	101
<i>The Book-Worm.</i>	104
<i>An Allegory on Man.</i>	108
<i>In Imitation of some French Verses,</i>	113
<i>A Night-piece on Death.</i>	115
<i>A Hymn to Contentment.</i>	119
<i>The Hermit.</i>	123
<i>An Essay on the Dfferent Styles of Poetry.</i>	133

V I S I O N S.

V ISION I.	143
<i>Vision II.</i>	166
<i>Vision III.</i>	171
<i>Vision IV.</i>	176
<i>Vision V.</i>	181

